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A PUBLIC MEETING will also be held at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS on the DAY FOLLOWING that of the funeral of the late Duke, to carry into effect the foregoing resolution, and to record the benevolent wishes and intentions, expressed in his letter, dated "Walmer Castle, October 10th, 1846."
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All communications to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary pro tem, at the Freemason's Tavern, where the Committee sit daily from twelve to two o'clock.
H. TOMMEY, Jun., Hon. Sec. pro tem.
October 22, 1852.

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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES.—

The Literary World: its Sayings and Doings 555

The Author's Workshop, No. IV. 556

Beautiful Poetry 557

A Life Drama. By A. Smith 557

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—

Science:—

The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ. By

S. W. Fuller 558

Handbook of Natural Philosophy & Astronomy. By Dr. Lardner. 559

Notices of Small Books 559

History:—

Hippolytus and his Age. By C. C. J. Bunsen 559

History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By A.

Lamarque 561

Notices of Small Books 562

Biography:—

Memoirs of the Baroness d'Oberkirch. By Count Montbrison 561

Notices of Small Books 561

Religion:—

Genesis Elucidated. By J. J. W. Jervis 562

Parish Sermons 563

Times of the Gentiles. By D. McCausland 563

Notices of Small Books 563

Education and Children's Books:—

Notices of Small Books 563

Fossages and Travels:—

Western Himalaya and Tibet. By T. Thompson 563

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN AMATEUR."—We cannot control the writers of the various departments of this journal. Each must exercise his own discretion. We should destroy their freshness and originality, if we were to dictate to them either subject or opinion. The rule of THE CRITIC, to which it is not a little indebted for its success, is to procure the most able writers, and having obtained them, to give them full liberty of speech within their several departments. It is a novelty, but it pleases.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—We know of no such fund, nor of any such degree being granted. But would it not be the better course for our correspondent to address his query to one of the officials at Cambridge, who would readily answer him.

"A COUNTRY READER."—It is not yet in force here. We do not know if there is a surveyor.

"TIBAL CAIN."—We believe he was rightly informed, and that it is the best.

"D."—Thanks for the hint, but we hear that it has been anticipated.

"J. G. R.'s" communication is extremely learned, but not of sufficient general interest for our columns.

"A CAMBRIDGE M. A."—The facts communicated relating to Mr. Robertson are, we believe, already well known. The other hints are under consideration. If we could continue to obtain such intelligence it would be valuable. Why should not persons, who want information as to books on any subject, put a query in these columns. Doubtless many would be ready to reply.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

To ensure regularity of account, we shall be obliged by transmission of the subscriptions due at Christmas, and future payments at Midsummer and Christmas. If, to save trouble to both parties, subscribers will add the subscriptions for a year or half a year in advance, and transmit it by post-office order, the cost of the order may be deducted, but not otherwise. Post-office orders should be made payable to Mr. John Crookford, at the Strand Office.

THE THIRD QUARTERLY PART, for 1852, is now ready, price 3s., or the monthly part for September, price 1s., for convenience of Book-club, Colonial and distant provincial circulation. Covers for binding the volume for 1851 can be had at the office, or through a bookseller. Price 2s. 6d.

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THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The approaching Session of Parliament may be looked for with more than a usual interest by the members of the Literary Class; for their rising power, influence, and claims, every day more distinctly recognised "out of doors," are likewise more and more exciting the attention, and perhaps arousing the apprehensions of Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen. The Copyright Convention with France of last Session will be probably followed this Session by discussion at least, on the propriety of a Copyright Convention with America, and although Mr. MACAULAY, having recovered his health and definitively to take his seat, will urge all manner of doubts and fears, although Lord MAHON will not be there to plead, as he has always pleaded, the claims of literature, yet it has once more in the House its old and staunch friend, Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, who is no mere talker, but to whom the Dramatic Authors of Britain owe nearly all the copyright they enjoy. By the printing, publishing, and newspaper interests, great things are expected from our Literary Chancellor of the Exchequer in the way of a modification of the paper-duty, and the total repeal of the advertisement-duty, and the debates on the so-called "Taxes on Knowledge" generally cannot fail to bring out a quantity of curious information on the gigantic development of the periodical and newspaper-press. The estimates for the British Museum will evoke the usual tempest of complaint and indignation against the management of the Library and Reading-room; a tempest, however, that soon lays itself without having produced any result, and must so lay itself until the matter is taken up by some one perfectly conversant with the working details of the institution. The re-introduction of petitions from Literary Institutions praying for the gratuitous presentation to them of Parliamentary papers will surely lead to an affirmative or negative response on the part of the Honourable House. The Marylebone movement for a Free Public Library there, goes on apace, but it has already been discovered that Mr. EWART's act for the levying of a halfpenny rate, is inapplicable to its case, and that act will need to be torn in pieces, and a much better and more comprehensive one substituted. Data for another act will not be wanting in the success of the Manchester Free Library, and of that at Liverpool, which has been opened without fuss or self-glorification, à la Manchester, since we last addressed our readers. From some curious statistics which have been just published respecting the Liverpool Institution, it would appear that a taste for the perusal of novels has experienced a very marked decrease on the banks of the Mersey, since the beginning of the present century.

Before these lines meet the reader's eye, a "great event" will have happened in the Circulating-Library World, and thousands of copies of THACKERAY's new novel will have been cut open by hasty hands, and partially devoured by eager eyes. Times are changed, Mr. THACKERAY, since the penetrating critic in the Messrs. CHAMBERS's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, dismissed you

with brief mention as "a quiet observer!" THACKERAY himself lingers in the north-western region, to hear of his book's success, and will soon be out of hearing of the critical thunder, on the Atlantic wave that bears him towards New York, whose Mercantile Library Association are to have him as a lecturer, this coming season, along with DANIEL WEBSTER, and young MEAGHER, the wild Irish rebel! With their usual bad taste and incessant brag, the Yankees are proclaiming to the world the high price they are to pay THACKERAY for his few lectures—some 2,000 dollars. With a bad taste still more offensive, and displayed in a quarter from which it was not to have been expected, the late American Minister at our court has been writing to his countrymen to assure them that Mr. THACKERAY is not only a distinguished novelist, but moves in good English Society, and may be safely trusted in the best Transatlantic drawing-rooms! Can the force of even American vulgarity go further than this? When the WASHINGTON IRVINGS, PRESCOTTS and EMERSONS come over here, they are welcomed in our higher circles, without certificates of their social position at home, and they are Americans in England, while THACKERAY will be an Englishman in America. *Il y a pays et pays!* Indeed, if Mr. BRISTED's recent *Sketches of the Upper Ten Thousand*, be a correct picture of the dull dissoluteness of American "aristocratic" society, the New Yorkers should be glad of a visit from the obscurest of our authors, "and no questions asked."

The desire, wise and foolish, for the construction of stone, marble, metallic, glass and other memorials to deceased men of letters is growing into a perfect mania. Dr. BEATTIE, his trusty friend and biographer, has placed a commemorative tablet in front of the house where TOM CAMPBELL died at Boulogne, the death-place, likewise, it would seem, of LE SAGE and our own satirist CHURCHILL. Even TOBY SMOLLETT, of *Humphrey Clinker* and *Roderick Random* renown, is having his old memorial tablet scoured in his native region of the west of Scotland, a cheap achievement that will not send any of our North British friends into *The Gazette*. There is talk of a monument to the late Mr. PORTER, of the Board of Trade, a quiet, uncontroversial person, who trod on nobody's toes, and which "men of all parties" are to cheerfully subscribe to. There is a movement getting up for "a stained window" in Cokermouth Church, in memory of WORDSWORTH; the church being hard by the school-house where the author of *The Excursion* learned his letters. But the monumental movement of movements (of the last fortnight, that is to say) is for a mausoleum over the grave of TOM HOOD, and this movement is the latest product of what an eminent wit has styled "Eliza-Cookery." Miss Cook, observing that Hood lay unmarked by any funeral monument, wrote a copy of touching verses on the deficiency, and some young men at the Whittington Club caught fire at the hint, and have made a successful "movement" out of it, a former, similar movement having, it would seem, somehow failed. A long list of great and small have sent in their subscriptions from Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. MACAULAY down to Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON. Mr. MACAULAY, however, had sensibly taken pains to discover that Hood's family was well provided for, before he transmitted his 5l. Mr. DICKENS and Mr. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR have indited protests, we hear, instead of cheques, both thinking that Hood's works are his best monument. "Without advertising" nearly 200l. have been already raised, and when that great engine of publicity shall have been brought into play, the sanguine expect a thousand! What a mockery it will be to spend a thousand pounds in carving stones to be placed over the grave of a man who died as Hood died! The accounts from Australia speak strongly of the deficiency of females in the population yonder; in spite of Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT's benevolent exertions, there are still "distressed needlewomen" here. Would not the transmission of some of them to a happy land of work and husbands be a better mode of testifying respect for the memory of the author of *The Song of the Shirt*? Yet the partial enthusiasm about a monument to TOM HOOD contrasts favourably with the complete non-enthusiasm about a monument to TOM MOORE. While the latter, patronized by Lord JOHN RUSSELL and the flower of the Whig aristocracy, entirely fails, the former, proceeding merely from "Eliza-Cookery" and a few young men at the Whittington Club, completely succeeds! Probably because people feel that MOORE

was more than amply paid, during life, in money and the smiles and dinners of Whigs!

A correspondent of a contemporary writes to complain of the decay and bad management of a Southern Metropolitan Literary Institution, on a proprietorial basis, and insists that pure democracy is the only sure foundation for the erection and support of these establishments. If so, how have so many of them, with the purest democratic constitution, entirely failed? The truth is, that the one thing needful for success in these cases is a good Secretary, well paid, and allowed fair discretionary power, which is more likely to be given him by a proprietorial body than by a committee elected where membership and proprietorship are identical. Whenever an institution fails, either in a pecuniary or popular sense, it will be found that its Secretary was incompetent, domineered over by a babbling committee, or insufficiently paid. In these days of emigration, when common clerkships in the city are rapidly rising in value, how absurd of the Leicester Town Council to advertise, as they are now doing, for a Curator of their Library and Museum, to whom they are to give the magnificent sum of 50l. a year!

An Earl lecturing at a Literary Institution has ceased to surprise. The Earl of CARLISLE set the example, the Earl of BELFAST followed it, and now the Earl of ELLESMERE has been lecturing at Worsley on the late Duke of WELLINGTON. Of course, it is gratifying to see (for the sake of its effect on the common public) men of such social position appearing on the platform; but, in general, great care, on such occasions, should be taken so to select the topic so that the noble lecturer may not unfavourably contrast with the professional one. Thus the Earl of CARLISLE delivered a lecture upon POPE, a subject that Mr. THACKERAY handled infinitely better than his lordship. Nor could the Earl of BELFAST be expected to say much that was striking, novel, or original on the English poets of the nineteenth century. The Earl of ELLESMERE, however, had been a personal friend of the Duke's for many years, and had new and not uninteresting traits and anecdotes of him to tell: it is in such cases that the aristocratic rank is really useful on the platform. The other two Earls, however, have not been satisfied with the platform, and nothing less than prints contents them. Lord CARLISLE published his lectures some time ago; and now the Messrs. LONGMAN are about to publish Lord BELFAST's, which will prove commercially, we fear, a very indifferent speculation. Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, too, is printing the lecture which he lately delivered at Royston (not far from his seat), on "the Lands of the East mentioned in Scripture," but, with "the modesty of genius," he will not hear of a London circulation for them, and has forbid their importation into Paternoster-row! The same eminent Baronet has been lately lecturing again, at the Institute at Hertford (the metropolis of his county), and on "Knowledge,"—better, too, than lecturing, he has offered to found a prize of English history, to encourage the young students at Hertford. How much might be done in this way at a very small expense.

While the usual autumnal-hybernal activity of *soirées* and so forth has been pervading those "people's universities," as Mechanics' Institutions are sometimes called—while coming reforms cast their shadows before, and perplex with fear of change the Oxford and Cambridge dons, two of our chief "liberal" academic institutions for the middle classes, Owen's College at Manchester, and University College here in London, have been opening their annual sessions—Principal SCOTT delivering the inaugural address at the former place, and Professor CLOUGH at the latter. To discover, much more to express, the precise function that a University should discharge in such a place as Manchester, is as difficult a problem of the kind as could well be found; nor were we surprised at not meeting with any definite idea in the four-column address of Principal SCOTT. Professor CLOUGH, on the other hand, did broach one practical notion:—That it was good to force young men to study Greek and Latin books, but it would be well to force them into reading CHAUCER and SPENSER likewise. A gayer academic celebration than either of these was the public dinner the other day at Aberdeen to the translator of *Faust* and *Æschylus*, the lively and genial Professor BLACKIE, lately Professor of Greek at Aberdeen, as now he is at Edinburgh. One of the speakers complained of the apathy of the public in respect of academic and scholastic improvements, and amid "loud cheers" called

for the creation of a British "Minister of Public Instruction."

One of the most accomplished (and least known) of living Scottish professors and authors, is Professor SPALDING, who now fills the Chair of Logic at St. Andrew's, the predecessor of Professor AYTOUN in the Chair of *Belles Lettres* at Edinburgh, an Edinburgh reviewer, and author of the singularly terse and graceful account of Italian life and history published in *The Edinburgh Cabinet Cyclopædia*. This gentleman, who combines an accurate universal erudition with as rare a delicacy of taste, is about to make a slender but valuable contribution to a most shamefully neglected department—the History of English Literature. While French and German libraries swarm with histories of French and German literature, while even Italy has its Tiraboschi, the English are without a single classical history, not merely of their literature, but of any special department of it, unless WARTON's inefficient *History of Poetry* may, in the great deficiency, pass muster as a classic. Perhaps the time has gone by when Paternoster-row would venture on publishing a critical History of English Literature, but it would be a promising enterprise if several minds were to combine in executing a work on English literature, on the plan of Mr. G. H. LEWES's thoughtful and lively *Biography of Philosophy*. Professor SPALDING's work is to be entitled "History of English Literature, with an Outline of the Origin and Growth of the English Language. Illustrated by Extracts."

The *Memoirs of Arthur Görgei*, the famed General of the Hungarian Revolution, and which were extensively reviewed even here when they first appeared in German, are being given to the public in an English dress. What has become of KOSSUTH, and did he take, on leaving America, the name of ALEXANDER SMITH out of compliment to the "new poet"? are questions that we have been often asked, without being able to answer. Of KOSSUTH in America, however, it is understood that there will soon be a literary memorial, from the pens of Count and Countess PULZKY, the companions of his progress. Apropos of these people, "GEORGE DAWSON, Esq., M.A., of Birmingham," has had the assurance to write a plaintive letter to *The Daily News* (which has been foolish enough to publish it), making a noise about some questions which it seems the police at Dresden had put to him. It might have been thought that, after the death—we were nearly saying, the murder—of the Baroness von BECK, this person would have courted obscurity on any point relating to police-interference with persons sojourning in a foreign country.

Of other miscellaneous works forthcoming or in preparation, there may be mentioned an English translation of *The Memoirs of General von Müffling*, a Prussian officer of distinction, who was the medium of communication between WELLINGTON and BLÜCHER in their combined movement upon Paris after NAPOLEON's escape from Elba. The Germans, by the way, are being moved by the panegyrics now lavished upon the Duke to print masses of disquisition to prove their old thesis that it was they, and not the English, that gained the battle of Waterloo. There is announced, too, a translation from a German whose laurels were gained in a very different field from MÜFFLING's, the great thinker, LEIBNITZ, of whom WILLIAM MACCALL has just completed an interesting biography in *The Gentleman's Magazine*: it is his *System of Theology*, and the translator is "the Rev. Dr. RUSSELL." Then, in light literature, we are to have "A Fortnight in Ireland," from Sir FRANCIS HEAD, and a second series of *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, from Mrs. S. C. HALL. The new novel by Mrs. GASKELL, the authoress of *Mary Barton*, is, it seems, to be entitled "Ruth," and her fellow lady-novelist of Manchester, Miss JEWSELY, is about to tread a new field, that of juvenile-literature, and celebrates her entrance into it with "The History of an Adopted Child."

A History of Agitations might be made one of the most amusing of books, were there extant the materials for it. The most prominent and successful of these in late years has been the Anti-Corn-Law League, which, having completed its task, that of vociferously repeating ADAM SMITH upon platforms, is this week to die amid tremendous cheers and the jingle of wine-glasses. An authorized and official narrative of its career was announced a few years ago, under the title of *Annals of the League*, as in preparation by a Mr. PAULTON, originally connected with the Society

of Jesuits, who had been for some time its Secretary. This person found it, for many reasons, however, inexpedient to prosecute his task, and it was accordingly dropped, not, it seems, to be entirely abandoned, for it is now resumed by a Scotchman long resident in Manchester, a Mr. ARCHIBALD PRENTICE, who is, or was, in the confidence of the leaders of the League, and whose interesting work, the *Historical Illustrations of Manchester*, has made him favourably known to the Literary World. It will be curious to see how a gentleman from beyond the Tweed will manage to handle such an episode as that in the early history of the League, when its chairman's rejection of Mr. COBDEN, in favour of Mr. MILNER GIBSON, as a candidate for the representation of Manchester, divided the Association into two hostile camps, and nearly effected its sudden dissolution.

The necessity for the creation of an English *Moniteur* as an authorized medium of communication between the government of the day and the public, has been abundantly illustrated by the excitement arising out of the contradictory rumours afloat during the last fortnight respecting the meeting of Convocation. With the propriety or impropriety of summoning Convocation for the despatch of business, we have, of course, nothing to do; but an English *Monitor*, authorized and accredited, would prevent the bandying to and fro, of assertions and contradictions, and be an easy means of pacifying the public mind on exciting questions connected with the intentions of the Government. Nor can the independence of the press be deemed secure when a natural feeling of commercial jealousy may force a powerful journal into opposition to the Government because one of its rivals is secured the commercial privilege of being the exclusive receptacle of ministerial information.

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Old Montagu House—The Workshop Half a Century ago—Past and Present—Salamanders and Lions—Disraeli—Douce—Leigh Hunt—Southey—Sidney Smith—Brougham—Charles Lamb.

THERE are many who will remember old Montagu House, built in the French style of architecture, with its great outer red-brick wall, big *porte cochère*, and big porter. Many will recollect the ascent of its grand painted staircase, and the long-necked giraffes on the top landing, and the strange medley of nature and art into which the stranger was immediately introduced,—bludgeons from the South Seas and bats from the pyramids, tortoiseshell bonnets and Magna-Charta, bottled snakes and the old "Victory," wasps' nests and Greenland fish-hooks, butterflies and bricks from Babel, and more of the kind too numerous to mention. The delightful olla podrida and higgledy-piggledy everywhere perceptible were the great charms of the collection in old Montagu House. Let us leave the mummies and salamanders, however, and, travelling back a few years in time, let us enter the old reading-rooms. Not many of the present generation of readers will recollect them, but there still remain a few sturdy literary veterans, who can recollect the many pleasant and profitable hours they spent within the old walls.

At the top of the grand staircase you are already acquainted with, was an ante-room, filled with miscellaneous wonders and lumber, at the end of which a door opened into two spacious apartments, set apart for those who came to consult the literary treasures of the Museum. In each was an ample fire-place of the olden times, when logs were burnt within fire-dogs, with marble facings, and tall mantel-pieces, adorned with exquisite carvings in wood. It was delightful to read here in winter time, when the fires blazed cheerily, and laughed and twinkled through the bars, and radiated a genial atmosphere throughout the apartments. You could keep company then with the dullest author and get over any five-barred difficulty of ancient text at a bound. The ever-pleasant JOSEPH MILLER tells of a gentleman who could not write correct grammar with a bad pen. We maintain that it is impossible to understand or to write sense by a bad fire—the wits sink in the presence of a dull grate like mercury in the thermometer. The rooms we speak of were well lighted and ventilated, and in those days there was no talk of headaches and black-hole asphyxia. Nor did you

tread upon your neighbour's toes, or have your own toes trodden upon had you occasion to rise to refer to a book or to consult a catalogue. The furniture of the rooms was plain and learned-like. Plain, high-backed, dark mahogany chairs of the last century, with horse-hair stuffing in the seats, plain but with a certain dash of aristocratic importance about them, and plain deal tables covered with green baize, and served with pens and inkstands, were all that was provided for the learned public in the old Workshop, if we except one or two moveable book-cases containing lexicons and books of reference. Such was the former workshop, far more pleasant to work in than the present; for when your eyes ached you could lean back on your chair and gaze on the ceilings painted by CHARLES DE LA FOSSE, where pretty dark-eyed, red-lipped goddesses looked smilingly down upon you, holding bunches of tempting grapes in their delicate roseate fingers, or scattering flowers that provokingly defied the laws of gravity; or you could look out of the windows into the court-yard and observe the loves and wars of the sparrows; or, finally, you could step up to the fire place and have a subdued gossip with a fellow workman about things in general.

Towards the close of the last century, our tools were not so many as they are now, but a good use was made of them. We have now half a million odd, taking in manuscripts and all, but at the beginning of the present century we had not above a tenth, probably, of that number; but they were good of their kind. We had the Sloane, and the Cotton, and the Harleian manuscripts, and the royal libraries collected from the time of HENRY VII. down to that of CHARLES II., presented to the nation by GEORGE II. at the foundation of the Museum, which, with farther judicious purchases, made a fair library for the time. The workmen were in proportion to the tools. If the books have increased tenfold, the readers have increased in the same ratio. In the days of ISAAC DISRAELI, who came here every morning to dig out curiosities of literature, we learn that there were rarely above a dozen readers present. This was in 1796. In the time of LEIGH HUNT, who first appeared here in his teens in the year of grace, 1801, and so may be considered as the father of the workshop, the daily number of readers was probably twenty. Now there are somewhat over two hundred daily. Men, in those days, masticated their literary fare duly, and digested it freely, and slept soundly of a night; but now we are given to bolting our victuals, and some few of us are dyspeptic and troubled with night-mare. More attic salt, too, was consumed in former days, and if modern literature is anywhere scorbutic, it may be attributed to the absence of this condiment. At the time we speak of, thirty or forty books a day would have supplied the wants of all comers. Look at the state of affairs now. According to the last returns laid before Parliament, 78,211 visits were made to the reading-rooms in 1851. We cannot say how many individuals these numbers represent, but we find that they read or consulted 370,037 volumes of printed books, and 22,679 manuscripts, that is 1,348 volumes *per diem* on the average. This is equivalent to turning over four-fifths of the half-million volumes yearly. Dry figures, you will perceive, dear reader, reveal some strange facts. But then, by way of plea for the voracity of the children of the present generation, it is to be borne in mind that in those days there was not the same demand for literature as exists at present. The mechanic of those days cared nothing about books. His literary expenditure was in last dying speeches, chap-books, penny garlands, and in such tragical ware as a halfpenny edition of Barbara Allen, or of that "brisk young feller," William Taylor. Now the mechanic would consider himself hard done by if he could not have his weekly newspaper, or weekly twopenny-worth of magazine. *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *The Monthly Review*, were then the only periodicals of note, and suited only for the educated. But since then, a new and better educated generation has sprung up, crying out, like the daughters of the horse-leech—"Give, give!" So we must write magazines and journals for them, and edit old books and write new ones for them, and dig into old mines and bring up new ore for them, all which compels us to have recourse to a great many more books than was the case in the good old jog-trot days of authorship.

But now let us have a peep at the workmen in the old workshop. Three of the most industrious towards the close of the last century were PRIN-

KERTON, FRANCIS DOUCE, and the elder DISRAELI. The two former were inveterate antiquarians, for ever poking into, and turning over the leaves of, old manuscripts. The latter quitted black-letter books, and had a keen scent for literary anecdote written or printed. Of the three he was decidedly the most cultivated, but all were equally industrious. On the whole, they were birds of a feather, and would flock together when one had run down a fact, or made any momentous or interesting discovery, laying their heads together at one of the green baize tables, or gossiping over the matter round the fire-place. DISRAELI dedicated his "Curiosities" to DOUCE. By the way, we wonder what is contained in the great iron chest bequeathed by DOUCE to the Museum, and which is not to be opened until the year 1900. Some say it contains the Junius MSS., with the secret of that hitherto inscrutable personage, others say documents connected with court scandals—some guess one thing, some another; but those who are alive in 1900 will learn all about it with certainty. About this time a French Abbé, or higher ecclesiastic, would stray in for an hour or two—or it might be a nobleman of the ancient régime. The first, like the last, revolution in France sent us over several celebrities. That sad clever boy, LEIGH HUNT, was here in 1801. He must have been admitted under age. Next year came SOUTHEY, a rare reader and a rare lover of books. He handled the volumes with a degree of affection. He must have learned of RICHARD DE BURY from the reverend way he turned over the leaves and opened and closed his book, using his handkerchief if he perceived a bit of dust upon it. We could wish that some of our present young workmen would imitate his example, for they handle their tools most slovenly, and thump the poor dumb volumes enough to flay their hides or break their backs. In 1803 we had the bibliophile DIBDIS, a man knowing in prices and editions of books, whether large paper or small paper, and in what libraries rare books were slumbering, with their pedigree and vicissitudes from the day they came from the office of GUTTENBERG, CAXTON, or the ALDUSES, down to his time. After him came WALTER SCOTT in pursuit of old ballads, and to dip into treatises on witchcraft and the black art; and in the same year came SIDNEY SMITH, a good reader, but occasionally guilty of disturbing the gravity of graver readers by some quiet pleasantry. Next year came RENNIE, the engineer, and Dr. COPLESTONE, late Bishop of Llandaff; and after these, in order of time, HENRY BROUGHAM, not then dreaming of woolsacks and of writing to his sovereign by the general post. He is already an author. Last year he published his work on colonial policy, and now he is wading into some abstract legal treatise, or searching in some forgotten expounder of constitutional law. How keen his eye, how strangely these facial muscles twitch and disturb the repose of the nasal organ, and how he darts, with the rapidity of a cobra, upon the passage he is in quest of! By his upper lip you know he is an orator. All orators have a long upper lip, and BROUGHAM's is none of the shortest. Lord BYRON, with his short, curled, aristocratic upper lip, would never have made an orator had he lived to the days of METHUSELAH. When BROUGHAM has done his work, observe how he passes over to SIDNEY SMITH, to have a chat about the forthcoming number of *The Edinburgh*.

We have now arrived at the year 1807. The day of the month we forget, but it must have been red-letter day at the India House. The new comer, and one who is shortly to prove himself a cunning master-builder, is CHARLES LAMB. His age is thirty-two, but he looks considerably older. He is pale, but has a fine hazel eye. He appears rather bashful and timid, and stammers a little when he speaks; but, eyeing SOUTHEY at a table, he takes courage and is soon at his ease. By his own confession he has already had "a good wallow among the old English writers," but his hunger is not appeased, and like poor OLIVER TWIST he comes here to ask for more. He is writing his stories founded upon SHAKESPEARE; he is, moreover, preparing his "Beauties of Shakespear," of which book he has recorded, "It is done out of old plays at the Museum, Dodsley's collection," &c. How he did consume the old Elizabethan writers! In one of his letters he says: "I think public reading-rooms the best mode of educating young men. Solitary reading is apt to give the headache." Poor LAMB would find now, that the public reading-room is the best place for getting a headache. Yet what a contradictory man is

this same ELIA, when in the postscript of a letter to CARY, he exclaims: "O, for a Museum in the wilderness!"—and of course the solitary headache. We have mentioned the name of CARY—DANTE'S CARY. He was an officer attached to the library, and had apartments on the right of the quadrangle of old Montagu House, over a gateway; a man of refined tastes, social, and just such a one as LAMB would open his heart to. Every third Wednesday in the month, LAMB, by special agreement dined with CARY. Pleasant evenings they must have spent together, and CARY's wine sparkled in unison with LAMB's humour. What a letter of playful remorse LAMB indites to his host after one of such evenings.

Had it been at a 'ayman's house, had it been at a cheesemonger's, a greengrocer's, or to go higher, at a barrister's, a member of Parliament's or a rich banker's * * *. But to be seen deliberately to go out of the house of a clergyman drunk! a clergyman of the Church of England too! not that alone, but an expounder of the dark Italian Hierophant, an exposition little short of his, who dared unfold the Apocalypse." * * * Then he explains how he found himself next morning, and how, from the relative position of his coat, waistcoat, gaiters and neckcloth on the floor, he inferred his overnight condition, and how he came to apologize, but was afraid to raise the great iron knocker on the outer gate! What a humorous penitent, and yet how sincere a penitent under all this flood of pleasantry. You have forgiven him ere you have heard half his confession out. Warmhearted, truehearted, noble-hearted CHARLES LAMB! Let him who is without sin amongst us be the first to cast a stone at thee? ELZEVIR ALDUS.

BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

It is an universal complaint that a collection of good poetry—*real poetry*—is not to be found. Numberless are the volumes professing to contain "the Beauties," "the Gems," "the Flowers"—of poetry; but all are defective in this, that they mingle with the real poetry so much that is *not* poetry, that the reader is compelled to wade through four or five pages of really pretty rhyme and sentiment in verse before he arrives at a page of genuine poetry, the outpouring of true genius. We purpose to make an endeavour to supply this defect in English Literature. We propose to gather together the veritable poetry that exists in our language, for the use of those who desire to possess three or four small volumes to which they can resort at any time with certainty of finding in them, wherever they chance to open them, something worth reading. Such a work will be interesting to all; it will be useful to families and schools; it will be literally a "Handbook of Poetry," by which name we propose to call it, as preferable to any fanciful title. This work will be issued fortnightly, in numbers at *threepence*, and monthly parts at *sixpence*. It will be printed on the best paper, in a neat clear type, and where occasion calls for it, biographical, critical and explanatory notes will be added. Each volume will be complete in itself. A portion of each number, paged so as to bind in a separate and more closely printed volume, for the convenience of being carried by Travellers in their tours, will contain "*The Poetry of Travel*," collecting the best things the Poets have written about the places and objects usually visited by Tourists in Europe, and thus forming a most agreeable companion to MURRAY'S famous Handbooks.

It may be as well to state, that this Handbook of Poetry will not contain any *original* compositions, but only the best things that have been written by the best poets. But we shall be obliged by the transmission or suggestion of *such* poems or passages as are entitled to a place in such a collection, and especially for "*The Poetry of Travel*," as these may escape the notice of the most industrious Editor.

As this work cannot be stamped, it must be ordered in the country through the local booksellers, and should be described to them as "*The Handbook of Poetry*, published at THE CRITIC OFFICE." It will be delivered to subscribers in London who send their names to the office.

The first number will appear on the 1st of January next.

A LIFE-DRAMA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

(Continued from page 556.)

SCENE NINTH.—A Lawn—Sunset—WALTER lying at VIOLET'S feet.

VIOLET.

You loved then very much this friend of thine?

WALTER.

The sound of his voice did warm my heart like wine. He's long since dead, but if there is a heaven, He's in its heart of bliss.

VIOLET.

How did you live?

WALTER.

We read and wrote together, slept together; We dwelt on slopes against the morning sun, We dwelt in crowded streets, and loved to walk While Labour slept; for, in the ghastly dawn, The wilder'd city seem'd a demon's brain, The children of the night its evil thoughts. Sometimes we sat whole afternoons, and watched The sunset build a city frail as dream, With bridges, streets of splendour, towers—and saw The fabrics crumble into rosy ruins, And then grow grey as heath. But our chief joy Was to draw images from everything; And images lay thick upon our talk, As shells on ocean sands.

VIOLET.

From everything!

Here is the sunset, yonder grows the moon, What image would you draw from these?

WALTER.

We'll say

The sun is dying like a cloven king, In his own blood; the while the distant moon, Like a pale prophetess, whom he has wrong'd, Leans eager forward, with moist hungry eyes, Watching him bleed to death and, as he faints, She brightens and dilates—revenge complete, She walks in lonely triumph through the night.

VIOLET.

Give not such hateful passion to the orb That cools the heated lands—that ripens the fields, While sleep the husbandmen, then hastes away, Ere the first step of dawn, doing all good In secret and the night. 'Tis very wrong. Would I had known your friend!

WALTER.

Iconoclast!

'Tis better as it is.

VIOLET.

Why is it so?

WALTER.

Because you would have loved him, and then I Would have to wander outside of all joy, Like Neptune in the cold. [A pause.]

VIOLET.

Do you remember

You promised yesterday you'd paint for me Three pictures from your life?

WALTER.

I'll do so now,

On this delicious eve, with words like colours, I'll limn them on the canvass of your sense.

VIOLET.

Be quick! be quick! for see, the parting sun But peers above yon range of crimson hills, Taking his last fond look of this fair scene. Dusk will be here anon.

WALTER.

And all the stars!

VIOLET.

Great friends of yours; you love them overmuch.

WALTER.

I love the stars too much! The famelike sea Spreads itself out beneath them, smooth as glass. You cannot love them, Lady! (ill you dwell In mighty towns; immersed in their black hearts, The stars are nearer to you than the fields. I'd grow an Atheist in these towns of trade, We're not for stars. The smoke puts heaven out; I meet sin-bloated faces in the streets, And shrink as from a blow. I hear wild oaths, And curses spilt from lips that once were sweet, And sealed for Heaven by a mother's kiss. I mix with men whose hearts, of human flesh, Beneath the petrifying touch of gold Have grown as stony as the trodden ways. I see no trace of God, till in the night, While the vast city lies in dreams of gain, He doth reveal himself to me in Heaven. My heart swells to him as the sea to the moon; Therefore it is I love the midnight stars.

VIOLET.

I would I had a lover who could give Such ample reasons for his loving me, As you for loving stars! But to your task.

WALTER.

Wilt listen to the pictures from my life?

VIOLET.

Patient as evening to the nightingale!

WALTER.

'Mong the green lanes of Kent—green sunny lanes— Where troops of children shout, and laugh, and play, And gather daisies, stood an antique home, Within its orchard rich with ruddy fruits; For the full year was laughing in its prime. Wealth of all flowers grew in that garden green, And the old porch with its great oaken door, Was smother'd in rose blooms, while o'er the walls The honeysuckle clung deliciously. Before the door there lay a plot of grass, Snow'd o'er with daisies—flower by all belov'd, And famous in song—and in the midst, A carved fountain stood, dried up and broken, On which a peacock perched and sunn'd itself;

Beneath, two petted rabbits, snowy white,
Squatted upon the sward.
A row of poplars darkly rose behind,
Around whose tops, and the old-fashioned vases,
White pigeons fluttered, and o'er all was bent
The mighty sky, sailing with sunny clouds.

One casement was thrown open, and within,
A boy hung o'er a book of poetry,
Silent as planet hanging o'er the sea.
In at the casement open to the noon,
Came sweetest garden odours, and the hum—
The drowsy hum—of the rejoicing bees,
Heaven'd in blooms that overlaid the walls,
And the cool wind waved in upon his brow,
And stirred his curls. Soft fell the summer night.
Then he arose, and with inspired lips said—
"Stars! ye are golden-voiced clari-
ons
To high-aspiring and heroic dooms.
To-night, as I look up unto ye, Stars!
I feel my soul rise to its destiny,
Like a strong eagle to its eyrie soaring.
Who thinks of weakness underneath ye, Stars?
A hum shall be on earth, a name be heard,
An epitaph shall look up proud to God.
Stars! read and listen, it may not be long."

VIOLET (*leaning over him*).
I'll see that grand desire within your eyes.
Oh! I only see myself!

WALTER.
Violet!
Could you look through my heart as through my eye,
You'd find yourself there too.

VIOLET.
Hush! flatterer!
Yet go on with your tale.

WALTER.
Three blue days passed,
Full of the sun, loud with a thousand larks;
An evening like a gray child walk'd 'tween each.
'Twas in the quiet of the fourth day's noon,
The boy I speak of slumbered in the wood.
Like a dropt rose at an oak root he lay,
A lady bent above him. He awoke,
She blushed like sunset, 'mid embarrassed speech,
A shock of laughter made them friends at once,
And laughter fluttered 'mong their after talk,
As darts a bright bird in and out the leaves.
All day he drank her splendid light of eyes;
Nor did they part until the deepening east,
'Gan to be sprinkled with serene stars.

VIOLET.
Go on! go on!

WALTER.
June sang herself to death.
They parted in the wood, she very pale,
And he walked home the weariest thing on earth.
That night he sat in his unlighted room
Pale, sad, and solitary, sick at heart,
For he had parted with his dearest friends,
High aspirations, bright dreams golden-winged,
Troops of fine fancies that like lambs did play
Amid the sunshine and the virgin dews,

Thick lying in the green fields of his heart.
Calm thoughts that dwell like hermits in his soul,
Fair shapes that slept in fancifullest bowers,
Hopes and delights—He parted with them all,
Linked hand in hand they went, tears in their eyes,
As faint and beautiful as eyes of flowers,
And now he sat alone with empty soul.
Last night his soul was like a forest haunted
With pagan shapes; when one nymph slumbering lay,
A sweet dream 'neath her eyelids, her white limbs
Sinking full softly in the violets dim;
When timbrell'd troops rush'd past with branches green.
One in each fountain, rich'd with golden sands,
With her delicious face a moment seen,
And limbs faint gleaming through their watery veil.
To-night his soul was like that forest old,
When these were left away, and the wild wind
Running like one distract 'mong their old haunts,
Gold-sanded fountains, and the bladed flags. [A pause.

It is enough to shake one into tears.
A palace full of music was his heart,
An earthquake rent it open to the rain;
The lovely music died—the bright throngs fled—
Despair came like a foul and grizzly beast,
And littered in its consecrated rooms.

Nature was leaping like a Bacchanal
On the next morn, beneath its sky-wide sheen
The boy stood pallid in the rosy porch.
The mad larks bathing in the golden light,
The flowers close fondled by the impassioned winds,
The smells that came and went upon the sense,
Like faint waves on a shore, he heeded not;
He could not look the morning in the eyes.
That singing morn he went forth like a ship;
Long years have passed, and he has not returned
Beggared or laden home.

VIOLET.
Ah me, 'tis sad.
And sorrow's hand as well as mine has been
Among these golden curls. 'Tis past, 'tis past,
It has dissolved as did the bank of cloud
That lay in the west last night.

WALTER.
I yearn'd for love
As earnestly as sun-crack'd summer earth
Yearns to the heavens for rain—none ever came.

VIOLET.
O, say not so! I love thee very much,
Let me but tremble like a sweet-breath'd flower
Within this mighty fissure of thy heart!
Do you not love me, Walter?

WALTER.
By thy tears
I love thee as my own immortal soul.
Weep, weep, my Beautiful! Upon thy face
There is no cloud of sorrow or distress,
It is as moonlight pale, serene, and clear.
Thy tears are spilt of joy, they fall like rain
From heaven's stainless blue.
Bend over me, my Beautiful, my Own.
Oh, I could lie with face upturned for ever,
And on thy beauty feed as on a star! [Another pause.
Thy face doth come between me and the heaven.

Start not, my dearest! for I would not give
Thee in thy tears for all that sky lit up
For a God's feast to night. And I am loved;
Why did you love me, Violet?

VIOLET.
The sun
Smiles on the earth, and the exuberant earth
Returns the smile in flowers—'twas so with me.
I love thee as a fountain leaps to light—
I can do nothing else.

WALTER.
Say these words again,
And yet again; never fell on my ear
Such drops of music.

VIOLET.
Alas! poor words are weak—
So are the daily ills of common life,
To draw the ingots and the boarded pearls
From out the treasured caverns of my heart.
Suffering, despair, and death alone can do it:
Poor Walter! [kisses him.

WALTER.
Gods! I could out-Anthony
Anthony! This moment I could scatter
Kingdoms like halfpence! I am drunk with joy.
This is a royal hour—the top of life.
Henceforth my path slopes downward to the grave—
All's dross but love. That largest soul of time,
Who wander'd singing through the listening world,
Will be as much forgot as the canoe
That crossed the bosom of a lonely lake
A thousand years ago. My Beautiful!
I would not give thy cheek for all his songs—
Thy kiss for all his fame. Why do you weep?

VIOLET.
To think that we, so happy now, must die.

WALTER.
That thought hangs like a cold and slimy snail
On the rich rose of love—shake it away—
Give me another kiss, and I will take
Death at a flying leap. The night is fair,
But thou art fairer, Violet! Unloose
The midnight of thy tresses, let them float
Around us both. How the freed ringlets reel
Down to the dewy grass! Here lean thy head,
Now you will feel my heart leap 'gainst thy cheek;
Imprison me with those white arms of thine.
So, so. Thy sweet and upturned face! [kisses her.] If God
Told you to night he'd grant your dearest wish,
What would it be?

VIOLET.
That he would let you grow
To your ambition's height. What would be yours?

WALTER.
A greater boon than Satan's forfeit throne!
That he would keep us beautiful and young
For ever as to night. Oh, I could live
Unwearied on thy beauty, till the sun
Grows dim and wrinkled as an old man's face.
Our cheeks are close, our breaths mix like our souls.
We have been starved hereto; Love's banquet spread,
Now let us feast our fills.

VIOLET.
Walter!

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

The Marvels of Science; and their Testimony to Holy Writ. By S. W. FULLOM, Esq. London: Colburn and Co.

Few subjects are more interesting to the general as well as scientific reader, than those which Mr. FULLOM has chosen to illustrate from the stores of his scientific knowledge, and adorn with the graces of a popular and attractive style. His work embraces, as may be expected, a tolerably wide range of topics. The starry inhabitants of the regions of space, the ruins of creation, natural forces and phenomena, the mysteries of the deep, the atmosphere, the world of plants, the animal kingdom, and the human frame, are each made in turn the subject of discussion, and their most remarkable and astonishing features pointed out to the notice of the reader. The latest discoveries, as well as the more abstruse theories, of science, are thus made patent to his comprehension; and his interest, we will undertake to say, will not suffer diminution during a perusal of the work. Nor is it, in our eyes, the least of its merits that a spirit of religion pervades it throughout, and the divine origin of Man and the Universe, with the intimate connection between science and religion, is everywhere insisted on and dwelt upon—in this respect affording a contrast to certain books it would be invidious to mention here. But if we may hint the existence of a fault, where, in the main, we find much to praise, we think that more simplicity and less grandiloquence of phrase and style would be desirable; and though we are not one of those somewhat malicious critics who take pleasure in gibbeting particular passages for ridicule or condemnation, the above reflection certainly occurred to us more than once while reading Mr. FULLOM's work. Topics such as those which he has chosen to dilate upon, are in

themselves sufficient to fix the reader's gravest attention; and do not require the aid of laboured metaphor, and verbose, inflated description, to impress him with a sense of their sublimity and grandeur.

Appropriately enough, our author commences his survey of the wonders of creation by a rapid glance at the celestial bodies; and while describing our solar system, takes occasion to refute the fallacy that our earth, from the eccentricity of its orbit, contains within itself the cause of future dissolution. Its orbit, as he informs us, was originally an ellipse, which has gone on contracting till, in process of time, not less than many thousands of years, its orbit becoming perfectly circular, the earth would ultimately be thrown on the sun, and destroyed. But science has now demonstrated that when the earth's orbit becomes circular, it will extend its track till it regains by degrees its former ellipse—a result only arrived at after some thousands of revolutions, but a marvellous and decisive proof of Divine contrivance and foresight. A similar eccentricity has also been observed in the orbit of the moon, which now performs its revolution round the earth in less time than in the early ages, and is gradually drawing nearer, till, as might be feared, she would be precipitated on it, and destroyed, did not the calculations of astronomers prove that, like the earth, she can only diverge to a certain point, when she will return to her former curve. The apprehensions formerly felt that the comet seen in 1832 would come into collision with our earth are shown to be equally illusive: ARAGO, the great French astronomer, having proved to the French Academy of Science that, even should a collision occur, of which there is not one chance in a million, the matter of the comet is of such extreme rarity that the earth would pass through it with-

out derangement. Mr. FULLOM then proceeds to expatiate on the grandeur and unknown extent of the Visible Universe; and calculates that the nearest fixed star to the sun, called Cygnus, is at such an immeasurable distance from it, that its light, travelling at the rate of 18,000,000 of miles per day, would take ten years for its transit.

Our author's speculations on Geology are no less interesting than his astronomical facts. He agrees with most other scientific men in believing the earth to have been once in a fluid state, and to have gradually cooled and solidified. But from the relics of the past, the past of evidently countless ages ago, he thinks it at once presumptuous and absurd to fix any certain time, such as six thousand years, as that in which they have occurred. And having examined for ourselves the evidence we share Mr. FULLOM's belief as to its far greater antiquity; an antiquity of which the deepest researches of science fails to even discover the limits. Our author considers granite to be the floor or rather crust of the earth, succeeded by three different kinds of strata, each containing several distinct varieties, the arrangement of which we subjoin:

Primary	Cambrian.
	Silurian.
	Devonian.
	Coal.
Secondary	Permian.
	Triassic.
	Oolitic.
	Chalk.
Tertiary	Eocene.
	Pliocene.

To enter into any detailed description of these would be to convert our brief sketch of Mr. FULLOM's work into a geological essay; but we may add, for the benefit of our readers who are

unacquainted with the science, that the Silurian system, including the coal formation, is found to be most prolific in the fossil remains of those gigantic animals which science proves to have inhabited our earth before the creation of man. Mr. FULFOM believes water to have been the principal agent in effecting those mighty changes, the traces of which are everywhere visible on the earth; and conjectures that in some parts the action of a water-spout could alone have washed away the foundations of mountains, and broke huge masses of rock into slopes and dales.

However this may be, the tropical character of the vegetation of the carboniferous era, and the remains of those enormous reptiles which science proves to have existed at the same time, all point to the conclusion that our earth was the scene of extraordinary changes in climate, distribution of land and water, and forms of organic life, long ere it was made the abode of man. Scripture tells us that "the earth was without form and void," and that "the waters covered the earth;" geology proves it by pointing to the marine deposits found on what is now dry land, and even on the tops of mountains; while, as a token of the convulsions which once rent our earth asunder, rocks from Scandinavia are found in Yorkshire and Cumberland, and the plains of Switzerland are strewn with fragments of St. Bernard.

Not the least interesting among these geological discoveries is the fact that Paris, the present capital of the civilized world, was below the waters of a gulph, and the site of our busy, teeming London covered by the waters of an estuary. What are the revolutions effected by man in these cities compared with the mighty changes wrought in them by the mysterious, but ever-active, forces of nature! Embedded, as we have seen, in the strata of the Silurian system are the fossil remains of what may be fitly termed the Marvels of the Ancient World. Hear our author's description of a gigantic monster called the Cetiosaurus, which science proves to have once inhabited the British seas, and another extinct animal called the Megalosaurus:

THE CETIOSAURUS AND THE MEGALOSAURUS.

The Cetiosaurus was probably about sixty feet long. This king of monsters was furnished with a broad vertical tail, capable of administering a terrific blow; and the toes of its webbed feet, proportioned in size to the prodigious bulk they had to sustain, were armed with sharp claws, with which it fastened on the fish and smaller reptiles constituting its food. The Megalosaurus was another gigantic reptile, which is supposed to have combined with the magnitude of the hippopotamus, the structural peculiarities of the alligator. But the strangest of these hideous creatures, in point of structure and appearance, was the Pterodactyl, a flying reptile, formed to subsist both on land and water. The size of the pterodactyl is variously estimated, but perhaps the outstretched wings from the extremity of the one to that of the other did not quite cover seventeen feet. It was of predacious habits, and its jaw, which was perfectly reptilian in form, was set with about sixty conical teeth, firmly riveted in the bone. The legs appear to have been of considerable length, and adapted equally for walking or swimming. The neck was also long, assimilating with a bird's; and the wings, which differed from any organs of flight now existing, possessed extraordinary power, and enabled this aerial scourge to soar to incredible heights, and thence fall like lightning on its prey.

After perusing this last quotation from our author it affords a singular contrast to the student of natural history to read of some of the Infusoria, a class of animals so minute as only to be seen through a microscope. Among these, the Botifera, or wheel insects, are so highly organized as to possess a mouth, a stomach, an intestine, an anus, and a tail, while the neck, examined through a powerful microscope, appears to be furnished with eyes, and anteriorly it bears a most curious organ, the denticulated edges of which vibrate in succession, giving the whole member the appearance of a wheel. Equally singular is the genus called Proteus, which is observed to be perpetually changing its shape, and seldom retains the same form for two minutes together. Mr. FULFOM, in treating of the slender, almost undefinable limits which in some instances separate the animal from the vegetable kingdom, gives as his opinion that "the quality of volition is the only barrier which can be recognised with safety or propriety." It is certain that many plants are endowed with extreme sensibility, while several among the inferior animals apparently possess none; and the quality

of locomotion which was once thought the only criterion to go by, is now found to be denied to many animals among the class Zoophyta, such as sponges, the humblest form of life yet discovered, and Polypi, at first mistaken for stone plants from the little animation they displayed. These latter singular animals are now found to have bodies either cylindrical or conical in shape, enclosing a cavity, and sometimes a visible stomach, where they are penetrated by intestinal vessels, which linking both, probably serve as ducts to the central organization. Their increase is effected both by means of ova, and of buds; and is so extraordinarily rapid that in the course of ages they have built up islands in the southern seas.

Our author's last chapter describes the mechanism of the human frame, a subject on which we think he might have dilated at greater length. We confess we should have liked to hear his opinion as to the truth of Phrenology, when he discusses the anatomy of the brain; and from the nature and pretensions of his book, think the subject should not have been lost sight of. But our limits warn us to take our leave of *The Marvels of Science*, or, as we should have termed them, the Marvels of Creation. We can assure the reader, in conclusion, that we have not exhausted, in our notice, the many interesting topics contained in Mr. FULFOM's work, which he will find as entertaining as instructive, and every way worthy of a place in his book-case.

Handbook of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L. Second Course. London: Taylor, Walton and Co.

DR. LARDNER possesses, beyond any other natural philosopher of the time, the faculty of making science popular by making it intelligible to the unscientific. He contrives to avoid the use of technicalities, as no other writer or lecturer can or will. He never forgets that he is addressing himself to an audience to whom words borrowed from the Greek are as unfamiliar as would be a discourse in Greek; and, believing that our own language is capable of describing anything that is in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, he condescends to employ it, even although it should cost him half-a-dozen words to convey in intelligible English that which he might have conveyed in one word of unintelligible Greek.

For this reason, there is no man living so competent to write a popular book on Natural Philosophy for the use of all who desire to learn the elements of natural science, to master the most important and interesting of the facts that have been ascertained by the labours of the philosophers, and to ascertain the precise point at which the progress of discovery has arrived, and the directions in which research may be most advantageously pursued.

Such a useful work is this *Handbook of Natural Philosophy*. It purposes to teach the elements of physics without pursuing them through their mathematical consequences and details, and, therefore, it is peculiarly adapted for the Medical and Law Student, for the Upper Classes of Schools, for the Family Library, for the first studies of the Engineer and the Artizan. In a former CRITIC we have described the contents of the volume that contained the first series of these valuable discourses. The second series, now before us, treats of the Sciences of Heat, Magnetism, Electricity and Voltaic Electricity. The subjects of Astronomy and Meteorology are to form a third and concluding volume. The text is copiously illustrated with excellent woodcuts, and an extremely copious Index enables the reader readily to find any subject for which he may be searching. A more thoroughly useful book has not been submitted for notice in this department of THE CRITIC during the nine years that it has been performing its duties of literary journalist.

MR. JOHN DWYER has published a second edition of his *Principles and Practice of Hydraulic Engineering*, as applied to arterial and thorough drainage, the conveyance of water and mill power. The best proof that can be given of the excellence of this treatise is the welcome it has received from those most competent to form a judgment of its practical value. It is full of figures and tables that must have been most laborious compilations. — Dr. WHEWELL's contribution to the Bridgewater Treatises (*Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology*) forms the October volume of Mr. BORN's "Scientific Library." A portrait of the author prefaces the volume, whose excellence is already too well known to need any recommendation from us. — Mr. SAMUEL HARE, F.R.C.S., has sent us a little work *On the Physical Education of Children*. It is written with a view to prevent or modify spinal diseases, to whose development and cure Mr. HARE has given much attention. He

treats of the various stages of childhood, from infancy upward, and his instructions extend even to the selection of a nursery and to its structure, and the selection of a nurse. Food, dress, exercise, and other matters necessary to be observed, are also carefully enlarged upon, and the book seems to be well adapted to teach the best mode of producing a proper physical development in children. — *A Treatise on Corns, Bunions, and the ingrowing of the Toe-nail*, by Mr. T. J. ASHTON, is learned on the cause and treatment of all kinds of callosities. Mr. ASHTON seems to have studied carefully the subject of which he writes, and has had experience in corn-curing. To those who are afflicted, the book will be of much service, and it teaches how toes may be kept free from the troubles it describes. — The third edition of *An Outline of Shipbuilding*, and a portfolio of plates to the work, have been sent us. As the treatise has reached a third edition we presume that Mr. FINCHAM's work has been of service to ship-builders and shipwrights, but we do not pretend to pronounce an opinion of its merits. It is very elaborate, well studded with diagrams and plates, written in good English and well printed.

HISTORY.

Hippolytus and His Age; or, the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus; and Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity compared. By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D.C.L. In 4 vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans.

THE distinguished author of *The Church of the Future*, and of *Egypt's Place in the World's History*, has again come forward as a candidate for literary honours from the people of this country, of which he may now be almost regarded as a citizen. In the present work, which we have reason to believe is an original English composition, and the first (at least of any extent) which the author has published in our language, the Chevalier BUNSEN displays such a command of words and felicity of expression, as readily convince us that he is well acquainted with our best authors, and has taken them for his models. The reader may, therefore, approach its perusal without risk of meeting any gross inaccuracies in style, or other such stumbling-blocks as usually occur in English works written by foreigners, while he is sure to recognise in the author a man of extensive learning, deep thought, and earnest religious feeling. Faults indeed, and grave ones, exist in the work before us, and these we shall presently specify; meanwhile we may premise that they do not relate to mere matters of doctrine, upon which score we can easily foresee that the writer will meet with much hostile criticism—we mean from that party in our church whose sympathies are more or less in favour of mediæval thoughts and practices.

M. BUNSEN's treatise on *Hippolytus and His Age*, took its rise from the publication of an important work which was issued last summer from the Clarendon Press, under the high auspices of the University of Oxford. It was entitled *The Philosophumena of Origen*, and was carefully edited by a learned French scholar, M. EMMANUEL MILLER, from a MS. of the fourteenth century, brought from Mount Athos by a Greek, who was commissioned some few years ago by M. VILLEMANN, then Minister of Public Instruction under LOUIS PHILIPPE, to search for MSS. in the monasteries of the East. The MS. in question remained unnoticed until it came under the eye of M. MILLER, who concluded it to be a lost work of ORIGEN, and gained over the heads of the University of Oxford, who ought to have known better, to sanction his hypothesis, and undertake its publication, as the "Philosophumena," of that illustrious, though not very orthodox writer. No sooner, however, did it fall into the hands of M. BUNSEN, than with true critical acumen he perceived it was impossible for it to be a work of ORIGEN, and a little further investigation enabled him to decide positively that it was written by Saint HIPPOLYTUS, a distinguished father of the Church, and quite orthodox, who lived and wrote early in the third century. Full of his discovery, and perhaps magnifying its importance, the Chevalier writes off a letter on the subject to "My Dearest Friend" Archdeacon HARE, commencing with an odd show of ecstasy at the thought, that the publication of this work by the University of Oxford, and the opening of the Great Exhibition of all Nations, were destined to take place in the same year,—as if he imagined that the two events would be chronicle together by future annalists, thus:—"1851. In this year took place the Great Exhibition, &c., and also the

publication of a MS. by the University of Oxford under the title, &c., but which M. BUNSEN discovered to be," &c.,—and proceeding to give his reasons for believing the work to be an important treatise of Saint Hippolytus on the heresies of the first two centuries. In this and four other letters that follow M. BUNSEN fully establishes his point as to the authorship of the MS., besides giving several very interesting details of the life and writings of Saint Hippolytus, and the condition of the Christian Church in Rome during the age in which he lived. These five letters, with a general introduction, together form the first volume, and are to our mind the most interesting part of M. BUNSEN's publication. From these we gather that Saint Hippolytus was a Greek by birth, and a disciple of the great Irenæus, the apostle of the Gauls, and was made Bishop of the Port of Rome, or of Portus near Rome, early in the third century—not Bishop of Aden in Arabia, as some have erroneously supposed, from that place being also called the Port of the Romans or the Roman Port. As Bishop of Portus, however, he was in no degree subject to the Bishop of Rome, but exercised a separate and independent ecclesiastical jurisdiction, his labours lying principally among the foreigners who continually flocked to the Port, and of whom the greater number were either Greeks or used the Greek tongue. From his frequent intercourse with these foreigners it is presumed that Hippolytus was kept acquainted with whatever occurred that was new and striking in the condition of the Christian Church all over the world, while from his old master Irenæus, who was a disciple of Polycarp, he inherited the traditions of the apostolic age. Possessing such advantages, and being of a philosophical and inquiring disposition, his writings must naturally command attention from all who would wish to study honestly the inner life and external practices of the Church in the transition age in which our Saint lived. Homilies and other writings of his, principally fragmentary, have descended to us, but the present work entitled *The Refutation of all Heresies*, though chronicled by Photius, lay hidden from our view until the present day. In this, after a sketch of the different systems of Pagan philosophy, we have a history of thirty-two heresies in the Christian Church, commencing with that of the Ophites or Serpent worshippers, and ending with the Elchasaites. From the careful analysis given by M. BUNSEN this appears to be a highly interesting work, not only in itself, but also as throwing a light upon that older work on Heresies by Irenæus. Well instructed as to the nature of these several heresies, and possessing a keen, critical intellect, such as loved to grapple with metaphysical speculations, Hippolytus appears to write not only like a man who is ardent in defence of truth, but with a certain relish for the particular subject in which he is engaged. It is known that he was in some degree acquainted with Origen, may it not have been the case also that he imbibed from that extraordinary man some of his fondness for dialectics, while he steered clear from the quicksands of his errors? The *Refutation of Heresies* was written, according to M. BUNSEN, during the reign of Alexander Severus in or about A. D. 225. Not the least interesting portion of it is the light it sheds upon the history of the Roman Church under that Emperor and his predecessor Commodus. We were not prepared, however, for such an exposure as it reveals of the character of Pope Calixtus, or, as M. BUNSEN shows we ought properly to read, Callistus. Allowing somewhat for the "odium theologicum" of ecclesiastical writers, from which even Saint Hippolytus is not free, it appears that this Bishop or Pope Callistus was neither a moral man nor a religious Christian Bishop. From the harsh things said of him by Hippolytus who accuses him, if not of being a heretic himself, at least of favouring the heresy of the Noetians, it is quite evident that our Bishop of Portus owed him no spiritual allegiance. What becomes then of the arrogant claims of the modern Church of Rome to an universal spiritual supremacy? Upon this point, M. BUNSEN has an admirable passage, which may serve also as a specimen, though not the best, of his English style:

He (i.e., Hippolytus) certainly would not say that he was a Papist. He has nothing to tell of the divine right of the Bishop of Rome to decide all doctrinal questions of the Universal Church, and to govern Christendom as an autocrat, whether it be by his own decisions, or by his privilege of confirming or annulling, interpreting and executing the decrees of councils,

The Roman Church, in which Hippolytus lived and acted so conspicuous a part, was to him—the Church of Rome. He even places that Church distinctly in opposition to the Catholic Church, in his great work, where he speaks of the teaching of Callistus, and of the school he had set up and patronized at Rome. Hippolytus, as a Roman, knew the immense influence of that church; but, as a man who had studied under Irenæus, the uncompromising opposer of Victor's pretensions, and as the historian of doctrinal Christianity, he also knew that his influence was a moral and not a legal one, and that it was controlled and resisted. * * * At his time, and even two hundred years after him, Rome had no preacher whose homilies were worth noticing or copying for general use. Theological science had been born in the east, established in Alexandria, the Athens of the later Hellenic and early Christian time, and transplanted from Asia Minor to the west by Irenæus, the Apostle of the Gauls. Hippolytus had become a philosopher and historian, precisely because he either was not a native of Rome, or had been Hellenized by his education and travels abroad. He wrote in Greek, but not merely as our fathers wrote in Latin, as the medium of learned intercommunication. Greek was at Rome the living organ of international intercourse. * * * To sum up what has been said, Hippolytus knew of no prerogative of right of the Church of Rome, even in Italy; nor of a sacred language used by the Church in preference to the vernacular. He knew nothing either of the celibacy of the clergy, &c.

Premising that Hippolytus received the honours of martyrdom under the Emperor Maximin, either in the year 236 or before the end of 238, we proceed to specify briefly the contents of M. BUNSEN's remaining three volumes. Vol. II., consisting of two parts, embraces, "Aphorisms on the philosophy of the history of mankind, and in particular on the history of religion," and "Historical fragments on the life and consciousness of the Ancient Church, and of the age of Hippolytus in particular;" with an appendix on the nature of Christian sacrifice, and the "apostolical constitutions." This portion of the work is one likely to call forth strong objections not only from malignant critics, but impartial persons, as the writer states his peculiar views now and then with an amount of dogmatism that can scarcely be tolerated. In volume III., we have "The life of the Ancient Church, in education, baptism, and worship, in government and social relations." This is also divided into two parts; the first containing what the writer calls the "Church and house-book of the Ancient Christians, and the law-book of the Ante-Nicene Church;" and the second, "The interpretation and application." It is preceded by an able introduction, in which the author deplors the manifold misconceptions entertained generally of the primitive church, and calls upon the men of the present age to look boldly into the past, without regarding the empty phantoms which we are taught to consider as our lights, but which serve only to "obscure the light of primitive antiquity, and falsify the life of our own time." In an eloquent passage, he urges England and Germany to work together, if they would enter into a real spirit of communion with primitive Christianity:

And here we must not conceal from ourselves a circumstance deserving of great consideration in reference to England and Germany. As the German of the last hundred years has far too little inclination for reality and life, so the Englishman of the same period has too little propensity towards research and knowledge. In the one case, the idea has great difficulty in becoming reality; in the other, the form is slow to become a conscious idea. This is a sad, but incontrovertible fact, which I feel myself compelled by internal conviction to state. It is a matter important for the history of the world, and threatens to become fatal; for no real restoration can take place without the union of those two elements. But there is still time to do this. All, indeed, that is required at this instant, in order to avert destruction, is merely to open the way to a union of the leading minds in the two equally noble branches of the Teutonic race, so that each may furnish the other, in harmony with the feelings of the people and the times, with the element in which it is deficient; and by combining Idea with Reality, and Reality with Idea, may rescue and invigorate the whole.

The fourth volume contains the "Apology of Hippolytus, and the genuine Liturgies of the Ancient Church." The re-construction of the Liturgies, including both the Eastern and Western Churches, is a scholarlike performance, for which M. BUNSEN deserves high praise; but the "Apology of Hippolytus" is what we must object

to in toto, as being both puerile in idea, and feeble in execution. Of the design of this portion of the work, hear what the writer himself says:

Still all antiquarian researches ought to terminate in history or poetry; and all past ages ought to be made true mirrors for ourselves, particularly in matters which have a lasting interest for us and for all mankind. I consider him a coward, or an unthinking being, who does not ask himself two questions in a case like this, where the subject is one of absorbing interest. These questions are, what should we say of that age of Christianity, if we saw it with our eyes? and what would Hippolytus say of our own age, if it should be brought before his vision? * * * These considerations must form the excuse for what I have felt myself compelled to attempt. I have written, as the last part of this philosophical inquiry, an imaginary apology of Hippolytus. It rests upon the fiction that he was come to England in order to complain of the authorship of the lately discovered book having been taken from him, and that he claims to be recognised as what he really was, Bishop of the Harbour of Rome, and Member of the governing Presbytery of the metropolis; and above all, as a thinking Christian and an orthodox divine, in an age which had still uncorrupted traditions, and whose heroes and innumerable martyrs lived and died for Christianity. I suppose Hippolytus to make this defence of himself before a distinguished English assembly, after some months of interviews and theological discussions with learned divines. In carrying out this fiction, I have endeavoured to follow, as closely as possible, the form of the Platonic Apology of Socrates, and humbly to imitate that mixture of irony and ethical earnestness, which is inseparable from the name of Socrates. I know full well that Hippolytus was not Socrates, and still less do I pretend to be his Plato.

And so forth. It requires an amount of self-complacency, from which most men are happily free, to write in such a strain as this, and the reader is naturally astonished to find a man like M. BUNSEN, who by this time must be tolerably well acquainted with the genius of the English people, prepared to tax its patience with such an ill-imagined excursion into the realms of fiction. The modest disclaimer he makes of the powers of a PLATO is certainly amusing. Upon the whole it would have been, perhaps, better had the writer made two distinct works out of the materials of these four volumes; in the one we might have either a translation or abstract of the treatise of Hippolytus, with a preliminary dissertation on the condition of the Christian Church in his time; and in the other whatever the author has to propound on the "Apostolical Constitutions," the ancient Liturgies, and similar subjects. At present the work before us, however interesting, is certainly a *farrago libelli*, while its bulk alone is calculated to repel a large class of readers and purchasers. Still it contains both for the general reader and theological student a vast amount of curious matter. The following interpretation of the mystical number in the Apocalypse may be new to some, as we confess it was to ourselves.

And who is the type and father of all false prophets but Balaam, the son of Peor, the Sorcerer, whose name had already been symbolic in that sense? Balaam is even named in our book as such. When St. John (ii., 14, 15) speaks of the Nicolaites and the doctrine of Balaam at Pergamus (meaning undoubtedly one and the same person, for Nicolaus is a Greek translation of Balaam), he says of him:—"Who taught Balak to throw scandal before the children of Israel, to eat what is sacrificed to idols and to fornicate?" Now the name and designation of Balaam, in the passage quoted above, give, according to the value of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, the number 666. This interpretation, first found out by Züllig (1835-1840), is therefore the only one which agrees with the book itself, and appears more than probable. All others, from the "Latinus" of Irenæus and Hippolytus down to the "Reformed British Parliament," which is Father Newman's jocose interpretation given this year, have insuperable philological or historical difficulties against them, and partly can only be considered by serious critics as more or less ingenious or absurd *jeux d'esprit*.

We give one more extract, highly illustrative of the author's manly and independent spirit in discussing religious topics, and then conclude our notice of this important publication.

No divine authority is given to any set of men to make truth for mankind. The supreme judge is the Spirit in the Church, that is to say, in the universal body of men professing Christ. The universal conscience is God's highest interpreter. If Christ speaks truth, his words must speak to the human reason and conscience, whenever and wherever they are preached: let them therefore be preached. If the gospels contain inspired wisdom, they must themselves inspire with

heavenly thoughts the conscientious inquirer and the serious thinker: let them therefore freely be made the object of inquiry and of thought. Scripture to be believed true, with a full conviction, must be at one with reason: let it therefore be treated rationally. By taking this course, we shall not lose strength; but we shall gain a strength which no church ever had. There is strength in Christian discipline, if freely accepted by those who are to submit to it: there is strength in spiritual authority, if freely acknowledged by those who care for Christ: there is strength unto death in the enthusiasm of an unenlightened people, if sincere and connected with lofty moral ideas. But there is no strength to be compared with that of a faith which identifies moral and intellectual conviction with religious belief, with that of an authority instituted by such a faith, and of a Christian life based upon it, and striving to christianize this world of ours, for which Christianity was proclaimed.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France.
By A. LAMARTINE. Parts V. and VI. London: Vizetelly and Co.

LAMARTINE is essentially a rhetorician. He does not command words, but words command him. He does not conceive an idea, and then seek words to express it, but as words flow from him he makes a manifest endeavour to mould them into something that looks like an idea, but, upon a closer inspection, prove to be nothing but a sonorous sound, without the pretence of a meaning. Hence he is peculiarly unfitted to write history. Nor is this judgment at all impugned by the popularity achieved by his *History of the Girondists*, nor by the undoubted evidences of ability contained in that extraordinary work. It was not history, but historical romance; it was a brilliant succession of pictures, of which fact was the substance, but fiction the embellishment. Wherever the truth was inconvenient, it was summarily set aside, and wherever an invention would serve to make a striking scene, it was resorted to without scruple. The result was a brilliant, a striking, and a profoundly interesting historical romance, but not a history.

So it is with this *History of the Restoration*, but it wants the exciting subject of the former work, and affords few opportunities for the fancy of the poet. Hence its comparative flatness; but it is only comparative. LAMARTINE has made up a story which it is impossible to peruse without pleasure, which he who begins will end, but which must be looked upon as only a brilliant picture, and not as an exact representation of the truth. The volume before us commences with the return of the Bourbons after the Battle of Waterloo, and closes with the death of Napoleon in 1821. Like its predecessors it is most attractive in its episodes, which are always written with more zest than the main story, and its sketches of public men, which are always singularly vivid, and bring them body and mind before the reader. Of the episodes in this volume, the most thrilling is that which describes the flight, the capture, and the execution of MURAT, a tale of profoundest interest, admirably told—a romance of real life, that needed no embellishment from the pen of the poet, and in the telling of which he restrains his tendency to colouring and exaggeration, as if conscious that no words could heighten the effect of the simple truth. As a *resumé* of the *History of France during the Thirty Years' Peace* this work may be read with advantage, as it certainly will be read with interest. One commendable quality, at least, is seen in this as in all LAMARTINE'S works—his teachings and sympathies are always on the side of virtue, a praise that cannot be accorded to many of his compatriot authors.

THE twenty-third volume of Messrs. GRIFFINS' republication of "The Encyclopedia Metropolitana," is a continuation of *The History of Greece, Macedonia, and Syria*, by Drs. LAYALL, MOUNTAIN, RENOARD, and others, and edited by Mr. POCKOCKE. It embraces the period so instructive to the statesman, from the conclusion of the Peloponnesian war to the time of the Indo-Macedonian kingdom. It is studded with illustrations.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Baroness d'Oberkirch, Countess de Montbrison. Edited by her Grandson, the Count de MONTBRISON. 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1852.

(Continued from page 505.)

IN May, 1782, Madame d'OBERKIRCH was conducted to Paris by her husband, for the purpose of meeting once more her beloved Grand-Duchess, who was then making the tour of Europe, also in the company of her husband. This portion of the work is very interesting, for the Baroness gives us a much more life-like sketch than we

possessed before of the *haut monde* at the period immediately prior to the Revolution. The reception accorded by the Court of Versailles to the successors of the Czarina, was, as might naturally be expected, very splendid indeed; and Madame d'OBERKIRCH, as the intimate friend of the Grand-Duchess, was not excluded from a full participation in them. The severe laws of etiquette were even abated somewhat in her favour; for the royal family dispensing, in her case, with the tedious formula of presentation, admitted her at once to the freedom granted to distinguished foreigners. The Grand-Duke and Duchess made their European tour under the title of the Count and Countess du Nord, and a few words of explanation as to the cause of this will not be misplaced, as giving some idea of the extraordinary rigidity of French etiquette, which, since the days of Louis XIV., had become so severe and unbending, that the Court refused to recognise at all the rank of foreign princes. Before the imperial majesty of France, all ranks, though never so illustrious, mingled indiscriminately with the common herd; and, when it so happened that visitors of royal rank were favoured with an invitation to dine, they could not be allowed the honour of touching hands. On this account, it became the custom of such foreign magnates as desired a closer inspection of the glories of Versailles, to appear there under fictitious names; by making which sacrifice to the dignity of the French throne, the laws of etiquette were somewhat relaxed in their favour, and they were admitted, as a matter of grace, to familiarities which, under their proper titles, they would not have been permitted to claim as a matter of right.

Immediately on her arrival in Paris, the Baroness lost no time in paying her respects to Madame BERTIN, the famous Court milliner of the day. Of this lady's inflated ideas of her own importance many amusing anecdotes are related. On one occasion a provincial lady, of some importance, applied to her for a head-dress; when the milliner, having eyed her from head to foot, and appearing satisfied with the result of her examination, turned with a majestic air to one of her assistants, saying, "Show this lady the result of my last conference with Her Majesty."

The impressions produced upon the mind of the Baroness by the splendours of Versailles, appear to have been of the most lively description. She attended the reception of her friend, the Countess du Nord, and was present at an entertainment subsequently given in honour of the illustrious guests:

After dinner the entire court assembled in the Salon de la Paix, where there was to be a concert. There were places in the gallery for persons who had been presented, but had not received invitations from the Queen. The palace was all brilliantly illuminated, as on days of high ceremonial. A thousand chandeliers depended from the ceilings, and every bracket supported a branch holding forty wax-lights. The effect was magical. It would be impossible to give an adequate description of the splendour and richness of the decorations, of the magnificence of the dresses, or of the matchless beauty of the Queen, who lent a grace and charm to everything around her.

One of the most striking *coup d'œil*s that I have ever seen, is that of the royal family at a ball, when all the court is assembled. There is a gracious majesty in the bearing of the Queen, particularly in her *airs de tête*, which is peculiar to herself. The kindness and affability of the King are extreme. Their Majesties are followed by Madame Elizabeth, and all the Princes and Princesses, all attended by their respective suites. The effect is magical, as well by the quantity and splendour of the jewels, as by the gold and silver embroideries, and the richness of the stuff. Those who have not seen this *tableau vivant*, can form no idea of it.

Alas! alas! but a short period of years, and these *airs de tête*, what were they before the pitiless indiscriminating edge of the guillotine?

The literati of Paris were, of course, not at all backward in paying their court to the heir to the empire of the Czars, and foremost among them came M. de la HARPE, of whom the Baroness does not appear to have entertained the most favourable opinion; "his excessive and ridiculous self-love," says she, "was unbearable; no amount of compliments could satisfy him; he was become a burden to us all." An anecdote she relates of him is very happy indeed. One day, soon after the appearance and damnation of his tragedy the *Barmécide*, he happened to be walking near the carriage in which were seated the Baroness and two other ladies of fashion, when a man passed by crying, "who will buy my walking-sticks à la

Barmécide?" "Walking-sticks à la Barmécide," said one of the ladies, "that ought to interest you, M. de la HARPE; allow me to present you with one of these canes in remembrance of your great success." The man was accordingly summoned to approach the carriage, and presented three or four canes with very ugly ivory balls on the tops. "Why do you call them à la Barmécide?" said the lady. "You shall see madame," said the man, with a very knowing air, and taking off one of the ivory balls he showed that it concealed an *immense cat-call*. The ladies had the cruelty to burst into laughter, and as for poor de la HARPE, he could, as BEAUMARCHAIS said, have shed tears of bile.

In spite of the previous declaration of her willingness to play the part of a MÆCENAS, her aristocratic predilections caused the Baroness to hold the school of free philosophers, then springing up, in the greatest horror and detestation. She speaks of them constantly, in almost a prophetic spirit, as "those gentlemen who have caused and will yet cause us so much evil." ROUSSEAU she appears to have held in especial horror.

That she should visit the sins of the times upon the poor philosophers, and spare her favourite nobility, is somewhat as if one were to pardon those who wilfully set fire to a city, and punish only those who raise the alarm.

Her strong good sense does not appear to have saved her from a tendency to superstition, to which, indeed, she confesses a natural predisposition. Several *clairvoyant* stories, and a ghost story, imposed upon her credulity by the Grand-Duke of Russia, in which the ghost of PETER THE GREAT is summoned from the world of spirits, would have been better bestowed in a collection of marvellous tales than in a work assuming the credit of authenticity.

In May 1784, M. d'OBERKIRCH visited Paris for the second time, and underwent the ceremony of being formally presented to her sovereign. The strictness with which the examination into the respectability of applicants for this distinction was conducted, may be inferred from the fact that the testimonials of noble descent were required to date from the year 1399; and even then LOUIS XVI. reserved to himself the power of accepting or refusing the testimonials, and of deciding in all doubtful cases. The officer upon whom the duty of verifying the testimonials of descent devolved was CHERIN, surnamed, on account of his flexibility in this respect, the *Incorruptible*. It was in reference to this dignitary that CHAMFORT said, "When Nature wishes to make a virtuous man, or a man of genius, she does not go to CHERIN." The Baroness, however, passed happily through the ordeal, and she complacently indulges us with an enumeration of the various advantages consequent upon the honour. Titled ladies, such as duchesses, the wives of Spanish grandees, and those whose families possessed the hereditary honours of the Louvre, took, on their presentation, the privilege of the *tabouret*, which was an imperial of crimson velvet bound with gold to be worn on their carriages, and they might have a dais erected in their drawing-rooms. The king also had to kiss them when they were presented to him, but this is said to have been a ceremony very disagreeable to LOUIS XVI. His two predecessors possibly did not find it so.

During this visit to Paris, as one day she was walking in the Palais Royal with her husband, Mme. d'OBERKIRCH happened to tread upon the toe of the celebrated dancer VESTRIS; the rebuke of the great man was characteristic; "Madame," said he, "you have escaped putting all Paris into mourning for a fortnight." This *dieu de danse* used to say that in his day there were three great men in Europe, himself, the King of Prussia, and M. de VOLTAIRE.

Some anecdotes of Lady CRAVEN and her connexion with the Margrave of Anspach, will not be without interest to those who study the annals of our aristocracy and a transcript of the confessions of the celebrated Duchess of KINGSTON, supplied to the Baroness by the Duchess herself, will be read with very great interest.

When the Bastille fell, the Baroness d'OBERKIRCH set a period to her story: "For worlds," she writes,—

For worlds I would not record the hideous deeds that are taking place around me, and which threaten with destruction all that I love or venerate. Farewell, then, to this delightful occupation, to the happy hours passed in retracing bygone days spent in the society of dear friends! My heart sinks as I contemplate the clouds that appear upon the horizon, and that seem fraught

with miseries for our hapless land. In what an inauspicious hour have our children been born! A future, pregnant with disasters, seems striding towards them. May God avert these awful presages.

That the aspect of affairs was at this time very threatening, no one at all familiar with the history of the times can doubt: but for the same effect different causes may be assigned, as opinion or prejudices dictate. Mad. d'OVERKIRCH lays the fault upon the people, and the people laid the fault upon the nobility,—that nobility so impoverished by the vices and excesses of the preceding reigns that they could find no means of supporting their extravagance but by pressing upon the middle classes. To such a condition of poverty had this system reduced the nation that the description given by a contemporary observer was completely realized:—"There are seven millions of men in France who ask for alms, and twelve millions who are unable to give it them." The nobility, instead of standing like a steadfast bulwark between the despotism of the Crown and the poverty of the people, only added the enormous weight of their entire structure to the common burdens, and when it was observed that they occupied the intermediate station between the Sovereign and the People, the reply of a stern satirist was just,—“Aye, as the dogs are intermediate between the hunter and the hares!” The nobles of Louis XVI. were a rotten-hearted, degenerate race, selfish as they were cowardly, as another satirist remarked, emulating the virtues of their ancestors about as much as a cicerone of Italy emulates CICERO. When the storm came, and danger encompassed their sovereign, they fled like deer, seeking only to save their own lives, and bemoan in a foreign land the consequences of their own moral blindness.

In conclusion, we may be permitted to remark that the character of Madame d'OVERKIRCH, as it may be discovered in her journal, is very much to be admired. Without affecting to indulge in the shameless confidences of ROUSSEAU, uncandid as they were, in every sense of the term, a simple truthfulness pervades every opinion she records. Sometimes she may have been mistaken, but always is she honest. Despite the aristocratic bias of her prejudices, and her somewhat amusing habit of sticking for form and ceremony, and all the gentle traditions of the Herald's Office, she was evidently a dutiful daughter to her parents, a loving wife to her husband, a conscientious mother to her child, and a faithful subject to her Sovereign. Without availing ourselves of the oft-quoted line to that effect, we may simply observe that neither predilection nor malice have caused her to swerve a moment from the truth. She is evidently as fair toward her enemies as she is affectionately disposed towards her friends. Once, only, does a reference to this country occur in her journal, and then not in terms calculated to awaken any feeling of national gratitude in our bosoms. Apropos of the introduction of Astley's Circus into Paris, she says:

This ridiculous desire to imitate the English habits is very likely to destroy our national characteristics. This Anglomania is loudly condemned by Marshal Biron, and other noblemen of the ancient court; and with very good reason. It looks as if we were willing to forget our noble past in laying the foundation of an inglorious future, and that we would exchange our ancient fashions and customs for those of neighbours that we detest.

This, however, we can afford to forgive. Very few were the years that passed after these lines were blindly penned, before the miserable wreck of that old noblesse, that “noble past,” sought these shores with the eager thankfulness of mariners overwhelmed by the storm. It is strange, moreover, that it should be among those “detested neighbours” that those very lines should first of all see the light. The storm has, indeed, passed over that noble forest, and the trees that grew and flourished there are most of them rotted and destroyed. Scattered here and there, a few solitary old boles may be found—remnants, but relics of the past. What became of Madame d'OVERKIRCH during that dreadful season is not recorded. If the guillotine did not find in her a victim, the destruction of her idols would alone suffice to kill her. When the Pagod perishes, the worshippers fall away.

Regarded as a repository of facts likely to prove useful to the historian, these are second to no Memoirs that we are aware of. The number of celebrated persons mentioned is extraordinary, and a name is scarcely ever introduced, however incidentally, without some important

piece of information respecting the person who bore it. The lovers of gossip will receive these volumes with enthusiasm; but searchers after knowledge will be not less grateful. JENKINS will celebrate them with an ovation; but the historical student will peruse them with thanks.

My Life and Acts in Hungary in 1848 and 1849, by ARTHUR GÖRGEI, has been translated into the English language and published in two handsome volumes by Mr. BOGUE. The opinion we expressed of GÖRGEI's defence (page 296 of the present volume of THE CRITIC) remains unaltered. The general has sought to involve in disgrace those with whom he acted, but he has not cleared his own reputation of the obloquy which properly attached to it. His book is full of interest, and to those of our readers who were gratified with the glimpse into its pages which we afforded them, will be an acceptable treat. The translation is an exceedingly careful one—not very spirited in style, but accurate and painstaking. The circulating libraries must order it as a readable book, and thoughtful minds will not fail to detect in it a chapter of European history which will at a future day be valuable as a qualification of more enthusiastic and less circumstantial narratives.—An account of *The Military History of the Duke of Wellington*, has been published by Messrs. ALLEN & Co., in a shilling pamphlet. It is on the model of the narratives which appeared in the morning papers, and will suit the hour.—The third volume of Miss STRICKLAND's elegant and lively work on *The Queens of Scotland and English Princesses*, has reached us. It is wholly occupied with the Life of MARY STUART, although including about one half only of her career; the volume closing with an account of MARY's troubles in 1563. Miss STRICKLAND follows the example of recent biographers, and excuses or palliates most of the faults and excesses to be found in MARY's conduct, while her persecutors, and even her everyday associates and advisers, are condemned for most of their actions. KNOX's abrupt plain speaking and earnest manners are converted into “coarseness,” and his expressions of dislike of the ladies' dresses of the day, into “fulminations.” But Miss STRICKLAND's leanings in favour of the gay, witty, and beautiful but unfortunate, MARY, may be excused. We do not suspect her of designing to defend the Catholicism or the priesthood of which MARY was more the victim than even of her own passions and her own follies. Miss STRICKLAND has not, that we can discover, added any new matter to the Life of MARY, but her narrative of its leading events is, perhaps, as genial as any we have seen. We anticipate with pleasure the concluding volume. A frontispiece portrait of MARY, in the pride of her womanhood, is added, and is taken from an authentic and well executed portrait; and the vignette page represents the celebrated interview of KNOX and MARY, at the hawking.—*The Napoleon Dynasty, or the History of the Bonaparte Family*, by the Berkeley men, is an American book of great pretensions. Its Bonapartist leanings, are, however, so ostensible as, in many instances, to amount to fulsome-ness. Some friend of the third Emperor has herein produced an offering for his Majesty who, we doubt not, himself provided the portraits. The facts of the Bonapartist family are told with great circumstantiality, from the grandfather of NAPOLEON to the career of his nephew, the coming Emperor. The writer's adulation is expressed at the very commencement of the volume. He says: “Something greater than stars watched over the birth of NAPOLEON, and a power higher than fortune guides the destinies of the Bonaparte family.” In the course of the volume this “special providence” talk becomes downright blasphemy.

RELIGION.

SUMMARY.

WE have elsewhere noticed the Chevalier BUNSEN's Treatise on *Hippolytus and His Age*.—The work next in importance on our list is, *Remarks on the Prophetic Visions in the Book of Daniel; a New Edition revised and greatly enlarged, with Notes on Prophetic Interpretation in connexion with Popery, and a Defence of the Authenticity of the Book of Daniel*. By S. P. TREGELLES, LL.D. Dr. Tregelles had before this established for himself a high reputation, both as a biblical critic, and as a liberal, enlightened man. His *Historical Evidences of the Authorship and Transmission of the Books of the New Testament*, with his translation of *The Book of the Revelation*, placed him at once in the foremost rank among the divines and scholars of this country. He is, we believe, either a Plymouth Brother or Moravian, but no sectarianism ever peeps forth in his writings. Highly esteemed by M. Bunsen, and the friend and correspondent of many of the clergy, and even dignitaries of the Church of England whom we could name, and who are proud to acknowledge their obligations to him for assistance and advice, the hearty exclamation of all whenever he is named, must be “*Talis cum sit utinam noster esset.*”

The present work is calculated to add largely to his reputation. It had its origin in some “*disjecta membra*” that appeared at different times from the year 1845 to 1847. These he subsequently published in a collective form; and, after having been twice reprinted, and a new edition called for, he has now enlarged it by more than one half, besides giving the former part a thorough and careful revision. Of his *Defence of the Authenticity of the Book of Daniel*, which we are glad to see has been also separately issued, he observes that, although some may think Professor Hengstenberg's sufficient, he “wished to treat the subject less diffusely, and also to rest especially on the grounds of absolute evidence, instead of giving the primary place to answers to objections.”—*Manna in the House; or, Daily Expositions of the Gospels*, by the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER, Curate of Cheam, is a little work intended for family use, arising out of the author's experience of the necessity of some familiar expositions, to be read at the time of domestic worship. Only two volumes—those on Matthew and Mark—have hitherto appeared.—In an anonymous work *On the Plain Signification of Scripture, showing the Origin and Extent of Prophecy, the Punishment and Overthrow of the Jewish Nations for their Idolatrous Practices, their Pardon and subsequent Restoration, as seen by St. John in Revelation*, while much is promised on the title-page, there is nothing, either in matter or style, to command the attention from beginning to end—scarcely even a quotation from any good writer except Josephus, but that, unfortunately, is the one about Our Saviour, which is generally admitted to be spurious.—In *Hades and the Resurrection; or, a Voice to the Church of Jesus Christ; being a Testimony of the New Covenant*, in two Parts, by T. R. F., the writer discourses with much zest about Hell, Hades, Gehenna, Abraham's Bosom, the New Jerusalem, &c., and even indulges in speculations as to the nature and situation of these several localities. All this, however, has been frequently done before, and we are afraid that the present efforts will not shed much additional light on the subject.—*Popery in the Full Corn, the Ear and the Blade; or the Doctrine of Baptism in the Popish, Episcopalian and Congregational Churches, with a Defence of the Calvinistic or Presbyterian view*, by WILLIAM MARSHALL, minister of the Junction Street Free Church, Leith, is an able work, in which the author undertakes to prove that there is a marked difference between the views of the Churches above mentioned and the Presbyterians on the subject of Baptismal Regeneration, the former being all more or less in favour of, and the latter entirely opposed to, that doctrine. He has added to his own treatise a translation of *An Essay on the Efficacy of Baptism*, by HERMANN WITSIUS, D.D.—*Scripture Difficulties: Predilection*, by SIMON MACKINTOSH, D.D., minister of the East Parish, Aberdeen, is a well-written and thoroughly argumentative discourse by a hard-headed Scotchman on certainly one of the most difficult points discussed among theologians.—*The Church and the Ministry: containing Three Theological Determinations by Bishop Pearson, and a Vindication of the Twenty-third Article by the Rev. W. Thornton*, translated and edited by the Rev. W. FLOWER, is a work directed against the validity of all ministrations in the Church that do not flow in an Episcopalian channel. The editor, we perceive, is a clergyman in the Diocese of Exeter, where such exclusive doctrines find more favour than any where else. When he tells us in his preface that “brief though these tractates are, it is yet believed that the theological student may draw from them, as from a well-stored quiver, shafts which he can hurl at the flimsy pretences of heresy and schism,” he should recollect that although Bishop Pearson is a high authority in such matters, so likewise is Bishop Burnet, against whom the second of these tractates is levelled.—For those who like the *pro* and *con* on every subject, we mention a discourse entitled *Church Independency Apostolical*, by the Rev. T. W. JENKYN, D.D., Pastor of the first Independent Chapel in the city of Rochester. Dr. Jenkyn is a writer of considerable power, and would be happy, we have no doubt, to break a lance with the Rev. Mr. Flower on the subject mentioned.—WILLIAM PEACE, Esq., in a publication entitled *The Christian Conflict*.—*The Tractarian Heresy the Leprosy of the Nineteenth Century*, has indited some verses, or things so called, of such a character that it would behoove his friends to look well after him.—The controversy respecting Convocation, notwithstanding the disavowal of the Ministerial journals of any

intention to revive that body, still rages,—a certain party in the Church being determined, if possible, to bring that about. Thus the Rev. WILLIAM FRASER, of Worcester College, Oxford, in a pamphlet on *The Constitutional Nature of the Convocations of the Church of England*, assumes that the feeling generally is very strong in favour of a revival. "There is a conviction," he says, "in the minds of most English churchmen, which is every day spreading in its extent and deepening in its intensity that the Church must have Synodal action. It is the only remedy, they feel, for the evils, social and political, under which their Church is suffering. It is the right remedy," &c.

—On the other hand we have a pamphlet entitled *The New Constitution for Church and State, sometimes called Revival of Convocation, considered in a Letter to a Clergyman*, by the Rev. A. McCaul, D.D. In this we are told that "history does not record any signal benefits conferred on the church or nation by the acts of Convocation. It did not deliver us from Popish idolatry and tyranny; nor originate the Articles or Liturgy; nor protest against the profligacy after the Restoration." It ended in an unseemly altercation." Dr. McCaul, therefore, is decidedly opposed to any revival of its powers. The "addition of a lay-house of Representatives," he considers as one of the most objectionable features in the new scheme, and adduces some reasons against any "representation of the laity apart from Parliament," as tending to "nothing less than a formal and forcible separation of the Church from the Nation." In this, as in every thing, Dr. McCaul writes with vigour and sound sense. "The Church," he says, "consists of the sovereign, the clergy and the laity. The clergy are at least represented in the upper house, not only by the bishops, but by those clergymen who are peers. The majority in Parliament are still our brethren. If we are not able to make speeches in Convocation, we can preach the gospel to the people; we can teach them what they ought to do, and perhaps more effectually." While Dr. McCaul shows himself thus hostile to the proposed revival of Convocation, it is curious to observe from his title-page, that he is himself "Proctor for the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of London." It is not always that we find a representative so ready to abandon his functions.—Sermons on the death of the Duke of Wellington abound, even before the obsequies of our great hero have been performed. Those by Dr. CUMMING and Mr. BIXNEY have at once achieved a reputation, as might be expected from the well known abilities of the writers; but we must also say a few words in commendation of *The Conqueror's Rest, a Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Barkstone, Lincolnshire*, by the Rev. RICHARD READE. This is written in an easy graceful style, and though addressed to a village congregation, and therefore properly not beyond their comprehension, may be read with pleasure by those of a higher capacity. We do not recollect to have seen any of Mr. Reade's performances before, but the present, at least, does not appear the work of an unpractised writer.—The Rev. DANIEL MOORE has sent us a sermon, entitled *Our Sabbaths in Danger*, in which we think he shows much needless alarm as to the consequences of opening the New Crystal Palace on a Sunday.—The writer of *The People's Palace and the Religious World*, by a Layman, has much to say on the other side, and we commend his pamphlet to Mr. Moore's careful perusal.—*The Soul's Arena; or, Views of Man's Great Contest*, by WILLIAM BATHGATE, is a companion volume to a work entitled *Eternitas*, by the same writer, which we noticed favourably something more than a year ago. We see no reason to reverse the verdict we then expressed on the author's powers. In the present work there is the same earnestness of purpose and deep religious feeling, with here and there passages of true eloquence introduced on appropriate occasions.—*The Summer and Winter of the Soul*, by the Rev. ERSKINE NEALE, is a little volume of considerable interest, containing a series of biographical sketches, intended to illustrate a saying of the late Mr. Bickersteth, who "would listen tenderly to every doubt and anxiety, and could enter thoroughly into every statement of spiritual conflict. I have felt just the same, he would affectionately answer,—I too have known the *Summer and Winter of the Soul*." With this idea the author gives us some brief notices of the lives and characters of the following persons, viz.—Claudius Buchanan, Edward Irving, Bishop Turner, Mrs. Sherman,

Bernard Barton, Mrs. Sherwood, Francis Jeffrey, Caroline Fry, John Sterling, Viscountess Powerscourt, General Lee, and Henry Watson Fox. The portraits appear to be all well sketched, and we have reason to believe that the writer has taken pains, as he tells us, to avail himself "right and left of every attainable information relative to the party whose career was under consideration." The notice of "Elizabeth Squirrell, of Shottisham," the girl who was fed by angels, giving an account of that extraordinary imposture, which has not yet been satisfactorily cleared up, appears rather out of place in the present volume.—The Messrs. Trübner and Co., of Paternoster-row, have commenced a new publication entitled *The Anglo-American Library*, which promises to be a successful undertaking, or, at least, ought to be so, judging from the first number. This is a reprint of Dr. HITCHCOCK's *Religious Lectures on peculiar Phenomena in the Four Seasons*, delivered to the Students in Amherst College in 1845-49. Dr. Hitchcock is well known as a Christian philosopher, President of Amherst College, and also Professor of Natural Theology and Geology; his writings are highly esteemed in America, and they only require to be more widely disseminated here to ensure that admiration which sound learning, eloquence, and poetic feeling are always sure to command.—Among Mr. Bohn's reprints, we are much pleased to observe the first volume of *The Life and Correspondence of John Foster*, forming a part of the "Standard Library." Readers will now have an opportunity of possessing, at a price scarcely worth mentioning, this interesting record of the universally admired author of the *Essays*.

Genesis Elucidated. A New Translation from the Hebrew, compared with the Samaritan Text, and the Septuagint and Syriac Versions, with Notes. By JOHN JERVIS WHITE JERVIS, A.B. London: Bagster.

Mr. JERVIS has undertaken an arduous task, but he has performed it with excellent judgment, displaying the learning of the scholar, and the clear and close reasoning of a man whose reasoning powers have been sedulously cultivated. He has carefully revised the text, and made such alterations as appeared to him to be required, but always adducing his reasons for so doing, that the reader may form his own judgment of the propriety of the translator's conclusion. He has done more than this: he has commented on the sacred text by way of theological, as well as of critical, elucidation. The translation, as he has presented it here, is strictly literal: where any word is introduced, if it be only a particle, it is placed in brackets, thus:

"And God said, Let [there] be light: And [there] was light; and God beheld the light, that [it was] good. And God put a division between the light and the darkness; and God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night. So [there] were evenings; and [there] were mornings.—One day."

This single sentence, from the new translation, will show the importance and interest of the work. It will strike the reader at once as less grand and sonorous than the common version. But if it is more correct, if Mr. JERVIS is right in his reading of it, there is an explanation of a difficulty which infidels have raised upon the history of creation out of the words "and the evening and the morning were the first day," arguing, from this, that "the day" intended was our day. But very different is the meaning of the sentence above. It simply affirms that evening and morning were the result of the division of light and darkness. The statement of "one day" is not connected with that, and, therefore, is not to be read as one of our days of twenty-four hours. Many such important facts will be found in these pages, which we recommend to all students of theology.

Parish Sermons. By the Bishop of Sierra Leone. London: Darling.

It appears from the preface that these sermons are published by request, and that the profits of the sale are to be devoted to the African Mission. Although the production of a Bishop, there is nothing remarkable in them: they are of the stuff of which the greater portion of the sermons are made that yearly issue from the press, at the request of friends. Their characteristic is earnestness; the preacher's heart was in his task, and this gives warmth and vigour to his words. But something more than this is required for discourses to be read calmly in print: they must rouse the mind, and stimulate to reflection. It is the defect of the sermons before us that they produce rather a contrary effect; they read ponderously. They do not satisfy the intellect. They are truly pious, and, probably, strictly orthodox, but they are certainly somewhat heavy.

The Times of the Gentiles, as Revealed in the Apocalypse. By D. M'CAUSLAND, Esq. Dublin: M'Glashan.

ANOTHER ingenious attempt to apply the prophecies of the Revelations to the events of our own time, especially as regards the present position of the Papacy. But it is impossible to forget that, when three years ago the Papacy appeared to be upon its last legs, all the commentators found in the Revelations the prophecy of its doom. Now that it is restored to more than its pristine strength, and threatens to lord it over Europe, the commentators are equally prompt to discover in the Scripture an intimation that it is to reign once more before its final fall. Such endeavours to fit prophecies to events are much to be lamented, for they tend to shake the confidence of those who cannot think for themselves, and who are perplexed when they find those who think for them leading them in two different directions in the course of three years. There is abundance in this little volume to provoke discussion and stimulate ingenuity.

MR. PICKERING has republished in a neat little book, *Bishop Ken's Exposition of the Apostles' Creed*. The type used is the antique.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

MESSRS. OLIVER and BOYD's re-publication of Mr. EWING's *Principles of Elocution*, has reached a thirtieth edition, and is revised by Mr. Calvert, of the Edinburgh New College. It is an excellent hand-book of the Art of Delivery, and is, we hope, known to every school-boy. Its selections are appropriate and ample, and the instructions in the *Principles of Elocution* seem to have been carefully revised and corrected.—Another useful though more recent school-book is Mr. MACINTOSH's *Elements of English Grammar*. As the product of one who has for fifty years been engaged in teaching youth, it deserves attention. Mr. MACINTOSH has culled the best lessons from the best writers, and put them together in a way that renders them alike useful and attractive; and he understands the *Philosophy of Language*.—Numbers VII. and VIII. of Mr. M. WILSON's new series of books for the use of schools, have reached us. The first consists of "readings" in prose and verse for very young students, and having some useful features added; as a table of synonyms of the principal words in each lesson. The selections are very varied, and are taken from widely different sources,—from the Psalms to the Poets, and thence to *Blackwood's Magazine*. The other work of Mr. WILSON's is *A Grammatical Primer*, in which the aim of the author has been to frame a book that will be useful to teachers in large schools. As far as brevity is concerned, he has thoroughly succeeded.—*The Sunday Picture Book* consists of a set of illustrations of Scripture passages, the text in each case being prefixed to the picture. Thus we have "The Adoration of the Shepherds" as an illustration of the description of Christ's Birth, and "The Offerings of the Wise Men," follows; and on the whole, there are some fifty of these well-executed engravings. An excellent book for children on other days as well as Sundays.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Western Himalaya and Tibet; a Narrative of a Journey through the Mountains of Northern India, during the years 1847-8. By THOMAS THOMSON, M.D., F.L.S., Assistant-Surgeon, Bengal Army. London: Reeve and Co.

Village Life in Egypt, with Sketches of the Said. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Author of "Two Years Residence in a Levantine Family," &c. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

DR. THOMPSON has produced a learned rather than an amusing volume. It is a valuable contribution to the scientific library, but it will disappoint the reader who seeks merely amusement or the agreeable excitement of adventure, flattering themselves the while that, because they are not perusing fiction, they are gathering knowledge. If, however, they would really profit by their employment, let them send for Dr. THOMPSON's volume, and although they will be obliged to read it slowly and with some exertion of the mind, they will reap substantial profit from the perusal, for they will discover in it a large amount of botanical information, much of which is quite new to science.

It appears that Dr. THOMPSON was attached as surgeon to a regiment stationed at Feruzpur and that in May, 1847, he was directed by the Governor-General to join Major CUNNINGHAM and Captain STRACHEY in a journey over the Himalayas to Tibet. Upon the mountains he fell in with Dr. HOOKER, and their kindred tastes induced them to take many excursions together, investigating the geography and botany of the magnificent country around them. A formal

report of the results of the journey was laid before the Court of Directors, with a view to publication by them, but ultimately it was determined that it should appear in the usual form, dependent upon the patronage of the public.

As we have observed, the reader must not look here for any light reading. It is all "report," indeed, we have had difficulty in finding passages fitted for extract in a popular journal, and as we have selected the most amusing and the least learned, the sterling quality of the other portions will be understood.

Dr. Thomson was as disappointed as other travellers have been at the aspect of the famous valley of roses—a disappointment that will be understood by those who saw Mr. BURFORD's admirable panorama of it in Leicester-square. This is his account of

THE VALLEY OF KASHMIR.

On the morning of the 22nd of April, after following the base of the low hills for half a mile, till the last projecting point has been rounded, I entered the valley of Kashmir. This "celebrated valley" did not at all come up to the expectations which I had formed from previous descriptions, and from the appearance of the termination of the valley of the Sind river. The first impression was one of considerable disappointment. It was by no means well wooded, and the centre of the valley along the river, being very low, had an unpleasant swampy appearance. The road to the town, which is about ten miles from Ganderbal, led over an elevated platform. There were several villages, and plane, willow and fruit-trees were scattered here and there, though far from abundantly. The platform was in general covered with a carpet of green, now spangled with myriads of dandelions and other spring flowers. The mountains on the left, which at first were very low, gradually rose in elevation, and were throughout rugged and bare. As I approached the town I mounted an elephant, which formed a part of the *cortège* sent, according to the usual oriental etiquette, to receive an expected visitor; and I consequently saw the town to much better advantage than I should have done had I ridden through it on my little Ladak pony. Passing completely through the city, I was conducted to the Sheikh Bagh, a garden on the banks of the Jelam, at its eastern extremity, in a pavilion in the centre of which I took up my quarters. The town of Kashmir is apparently of great extent, and seems very densely populated. Its length is much greater than its width, as it is hemmed in between the Jelam on the south and a lake on the north. The principal part of the town is on the north side of the Jelam, but a large suburb occupies the opposite bank, surrounding the Sher-Garhi, or fortified palace of the ruler of the country. The streets are in general so narrow, that there are but few through which an elephant can pass; and the houses, which have mostly several stories, are built with a wooden frame-work, the lower story of stone, and those above of brick.

He attended

A HUNTING PARTY IN THE HIMALAYA.

About the same time, I was invited by the Thannadar of Iskardo to be present at a hunting party, which he had arranged for the capture of the *chakor*, or painted partridge, by surrounding a spot of ground, in which these birds are numerous, with a ring of men, who, approaching from all directions, gradually form a dense circle of perhaps a hundred yards in diameter. When the partridges are disturbed by a horseman in this enclosure, they naturally fly towards the living wall by which they are surrounded. Loud shouts, and the beating of drums and waving of caps and cloaks, turn them back, and they are driven from side to side, till at last, exhausted with fatigue, and stupid from the noise and confusion, they sink to the ground, and allow themselves to be caught by hand. The scene was a very striking one. The spot selected was a deep dell, full of rocks, but without trees. The sport, however, did not seem so successful as usual, six or eight birds only being captured. The *chakor* is an extremely common bird in all parts of the valley of the Indus, and indeed throughout Tibet. In winter, when the hills are covered with snow, they are to be found in great numbers close to the river, even in the immediate neighbourhood of the villages; and in general, when approached, they lie very close among the crevices of the stones.

Dr. Thomson discovers proofs of the glacier theory in the Himalayas. Science will value the following observations on

HIMALAYAN GLACIERS.

In every part of the Tibetan mountains, and in very many parts of the Indian Himalaya, I have thought that I could recognise unmistakable proofs of all the valleys having been formerly occupied by glaciers at much lower levels than at present. At first sight it seems rather improbable, that in sub-tropical latitudes the present extension of perpetual snow should at any

former period have been exceeded; but it would not be difficult to show that the mean temperature, and particularly the mean summer temperature, is very much higher in the Western Himalaya and Tibet than it might fairly be expected to be in such a latitude. In fact, in the more humid climate of Eastern Bengal, though at least four degrees nearer to the equator, the mean summer temperature at equal elevations in the mountains is probably considerably lower than in the mountains of North-west India, and the snow-level is certainly lower. It is fair, therefore, to conclude, looking back to a period when the sea washed the base of the Himalaya in the upper part of the Punjab, that at that period a very different state of atmospheric circumstances prevailed from that which we find at the present time.

Wherever I have seen glaciers in Tibet or the mountains of India, I have been able to trace their moraines to a level very considerably lower than their present termination; and when I find in those ranges of the Himalaya which do not at present attain a sufficient elevation to be covered with perpetual snow, series of angular blocks, evidently transported, because different from the rocks which occur *in situ*, and so far as I can judge, exactly analogous in position to the moraines of present glaciers, I feel myself warranted in concluding that they are of glacial origin, and find it necessary to look about for causes which should render it probable that the snow-level should have formerly been lower than it is at present. In the rainy districts of the Himalaya, where forest covers the slopes of the hills, it is difficult to fix the lowest limits at which evident moraines occur, but in many places I have seen them at least three thousand feet lower than the terminations of the present glaciers. In the valley of the Indus, accumulations of boulders, which I believe to be moraines, occur in Rondu as low as 6000 feet.

Mr. Sr. JOHN has lived for many years in Egypt and the East, and he has given to the world, in many pleasant volumes, descriptions of what he has seen, stories he has heard, learning he has gleaned from libraries, and experiences of his own among the people, whose social life has been more fully revealed to Europe by him than by all the travellers who have preceded him. But Mr. Sr. JOHN was something more than a mere traveller. He did not pass through the countries he has depicted, following a beaten track, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and proceeding as fast as camels could carry him. He took up his abode there; he dwelt with the inhabitants, lived in their houses, sat, or we should more properly say, reclined, at their tables, made acquaintance with their domestic life, and thus has conveyed to Europe a more complete and correct conception of Eastern Society than had prevailed previously. None who read his descriptions of the Levantine Family with whom he was domiciled for two years can have forgotten the graphic pictures of manners, so different from the actualities by which we are surrounded as to appear like a dream or a romance. With the *outside* of "the land of the sun," we were familiar to triteness. The towns, the streets, the bazaars, the baths, the costumes, the camels, the dirt and the plague, were as distinctly visible to the mind's eye of every European reader as London, Paris, Vienna or Rome. But the houses were charmed circles which Christians would not or could not penetrate, so the social life of the Eastern people was still a mystery, until Mr. Sr. JOHN withdrew the veil, and revealed the interesting world within; that world which in any country is but little seen by strangers and less understood, but which forms by far the larger portion of the life, the history, and the character of a people.

In the two volumes before us Mr. Sr. JOHN has undertaken to paint the Village Life of Egypt, as the completion of a subject partially treated in two previous publications. In this there is so much to attract, that if he had limited himself to his proposed theme, we should have had no fault to find with him. But, in fact, a considerable portion of the whole work is wholly unconnected with village life; half of it, at the least, is composed of sketches of Egypt and the Egyptians generally, some of which we fancy we have already read in some of the periodicals. This portion of the work is of small interest compared with the parts that relate to the actual *village* life of Egypt. He does not share the popular notion, probably borrowed by one traveller from another, rather than the result of individual observation, that the Fellahs, or peasantry of Egypt, are the thoroughly degraded race of serfs which we have been taught to consider them. He sees something of manliness in them; much of patient endurance; the seeds of many virtues, but compounded with many vices, of which lying is the worst, and the catalogue of which comprises cheating, pilfer-

ing and the *mean* faults that are the universal product of slavery. Mr. Sr. JOHN thinks that a better government, that would relax their bonds, give them some liberty of thought and action, remove the never-sleeping bastinado, treat them, in short, as men, and not as mere beasts of burden, would speedily change their condition, and, perhaps, restore their race to the intellectual position they must have occupied when they reared those monuments, at the sight of which the world even in this age of steam power stands amazed and perplexed.

The scheme of this work is the description of a voyage to the Cataracts of the Nile, in the course of which Mr. BAYLE Sr. JOHN visited the villages on either bank and made acquaintance with the inhabitants. This is mingled with disquisition on Egyptian politics and essays on the Eastern character as compared with European, thoughts about the antiquities of Egypt, and occasionally with tales and legends that give to the volumes too much of the magazine aspect to satisfy good taste. But this is compensated by the real worth of those other pages in which we are presented with faithful and graphic pictures of a class of men who have never been so intimately studied before by a European, and the portraiture of whom will constitute a really valuable addition to ethnological science.

Here is a sketch of

THE FELLAHS.

The fellahs in general appear to be built of unburnt brick. Men and women have the same uniform greyish-brown complexion, as if they had just issued from the hands of the Muslim creator, who made them from *teen*, or the mud of the Nile. This colour, warming sometimes on the cheeks into a dark-red flush, varies, of course, in intensity in various provinces, more or less neighbours of the sun; but I have known natives of Koom Ombos, possibly issued from recent immigrants, nearly as fair as the inhabitants of the Delta. In general, however, the people of Upper Egypt are more swarthy than those of Lower. For some fifteen miles north of the Cataracts the natives are black as Nubians, but still retain Egyptian features, speak Arabic, and disclaim all admixture of Berber blood. It is from this province that most of those boatmen come, who, on account of their dark colour, are hastily described as Nubians by strangers. I have somewhere read a very harsh judgment on the personal appearance of the fellahs, representing them, with few exceptions, as intensely ugly. This is not the case. They are heavy, coarse-featured men, it is true; their physiognomy is seldom lighted up by intelligence; but there is nothing repulsive about them. Generally speaking, the expression of their countenance is one of childish simplicity, with an occasional gleam of clownish cunning. One of their chief physical peculiarities is the heavy eyelid, that protects and half closes a very keen eye. The dazzling reflection of the sun from their parched fields during a great portion of the year may exaggerate this defect, and induce a habit of winking. It belongs, however, to the race; and in the inhabitants of the towns becomes a beauty, giving a languid, pleasing expression to the long almond-shaped eye in moments of repose. It is curious to notice, however, how, when the Egyptian is moved by passion, his eyes acquire a goggle shape; the heavy eyelid shrinks, and the ball seems to start forward. They sometimes say themselves, "his eyes became round," instead of "he was angry." This is not the only respect in which their physiognomy exhibits its mobility. The apparently rigid nostril distends and flashes, as it were, to express every kind of excitement; the placid mouth—model of that of the Sphinx—becomes contorted to a most ludicrous extent; and the scanty beard, unfolding like a fan, assumes quite a meteoric appearance. All this agitation, however, is usually calmed down again, like the Virgilian storm, before one can say Jack Robinson—*dicto citius*.

The following scene exhibits the condition of the people:

HOW THEY COLLECT TAXES IN EGYPT.

This subject of beating is unpleasant, and I will dismiss it at once. The stick governs China, says Montesquieu; the naboot governs Egypt. It is a mistake to suppose that the punishment is always inflicted on the soles of the feet. I believe it is more common to horse the patients in true Eton style. Few men can boast of not having smarted at one or other extremity—if, indeed, impunity be a subject of congratulation. The fellahs are proud of the number of blows they receive, because they generally suffer in a good cause—the refusal to pay excessive taxes. These "village Hampdens" know perfectly well that tranquil payment would only generate increased demands, and they rarely come down with the money until they have been down themselves. It is curious to see the quiet family way

in which this important matter is transacted, in the palm-shaded agora of some sequestered hamlet; and how one sufferer, having paid his double quarterly contribution, goes and squats down as well as he is able, to see the same game played over again with another. His countenance, though still wincing with pain, betrays, nevertheless, a consciousness of duty performed; and whilst accepting a pipe from some expectant ratepayer, he slyly congratulates himself on having saved the few fuddahs which he had held in reserve under his tongue, in case the torture became too exquisite. Meanwhile, the sheikh, burly and fat, with paternal solicitude and main appeals to Allah and his Prophet, exhorts all whom it may concern to think of their latter ends; and having collected at length about the sum required, retires from the scene, hugging himself in the hope that he can keep back a reasonable proportion. But the inevitable naboot again comes into play, and the Nazir avenges the poor fellah in the most satisfactory manner. To this tune the dollars travel gently towards the treasury, and used of old to arrive about in time to buy Miss Nefessa a necklace of Orient pearls, or Madame Nazlet a service of plate from Storr and Mortimer's—as now to furnish a succession of flimsy palaces, or provide an elegant campanella for the viceregal breed of pigeons.

Of their ignorance and superstition the following is a curious specimen:

CATCHING A SAINT.

It was once reported in a district towards the north of the Delta, that a strange animal—some said a monkey of huge stature—was abroad, and did mighty damage to the crops. Many women, too, who met this thing in the fields, were frightened into premature maternity; and several men who endeavoured to catch it were severely wounded. At length the population of a great number of villages, armed with naboots, turned out for a regular battue, and succeeded in discovering their quarry sunk up to the middle in a morass. They pelted it with clods of earth until it came forth, and took to the open fields, when they gave furious chase. The monster was covered with hair, but resembled a man in form. Its agility was tremendous, and for a long time it contrived to evade the grasp of those who endeavoured to seize it. However, at last, by throwing naboots and stones, the excited fellahs managed to disable it, and to their astonishment found that it was really a human being, a raving madman, escaped from some distant village. At first they intended to finish the work they had so well begun; but some one suggested that the man was perhaps a great saint. They accordingly carried him in triumph, bruised and bleeding as he was, to the nearest village, where they put him in a cell carefully barred, because he manifested a mischievous disposition at times; and ever afterwards he was honoured as a Sheikh of the first order. It is true the boys and girls of the village were often allowed to amuse themselves by tormenting him; for the fellah had no real veneration in his character, and is ready to satirise and make fun at any moment of everything he pretends to respect—except, of course, the *deen*, his faith in the abstract, and Lord Mohammed.

We give one specimen of his better style. It is an effective picture of

CAIRO.

I have never approached Cairo without feeling the excitement of admiration—from the time when I first drank its health in brandy and water out of a teapot with poor Mr. Waghorn, on a scalding August day, to my last visit in a more serious mood. Soon after passing the spot where the Nile sadly parts its waters to wander in interminable windings, through flat level plains, towards the sea, the scene, before so narrow and confined, expands into proportions of ever-increasing grandeur. The river, no longer huddling between walls of dust or mud, rolls broad and placid, in the centre of a vast landscape, and instead of forming the whole prospect, forms but the mirror of a prospect. Groves, opening here and there into vistas miles deep, conduct the eye, not merely to the base of an ultramarine dome, but to the vast undulating desert, sparkling with sunlight, jagged with rocks, and strewn with pyramids. The city, now clasped round with woods and gardens, shows only its tapering minarets, like the spears of a giant army glittering over a forest; but the outline of the citadel can be traced against the huge precipices of Mokattam, and, crowning the whole landscape, the stupendous new mosque glitters far up in the light-impregnated air.

A more detailed description of this glorious scene would scarcely convey an idea of the effect it produces on the traveller, because the material beauties displayed, the rich diversity of form and colour, are seen through a medium inconceivably bright, by eyes made moist with enthusiasm. All men find pleasing associations here. Even antiquarians are seized with a poetic fervour that accompanies them ever afterwards, and

teaches them the value of imagination when brought to bear on archaeological research; professed hero worshippers, whether of Greek, or Roman, or French predilections, commune with the mighty shades of their favourite idols, and taste the incomprehensible pleasure of venerating the least venerable form of humanity; whilst Christians, if they can resist the temptation to misapply their logic, may see the very road by which a Heaven-favoured people departed, and a divine Child of the same stock came flying for his life to the land of Egypt.

FICTION.

Blondelle. A Story of the Day. 1 vol. London: Bentley. 1852.

"OF no work, not even of a fashionable novel, can it with certainty be said, that its fatuity is absolute," writes no less an authority than THOMAS CARLYLE; but, if by the word "fatuity" the absence of morality, sense, style and everything that can entitle a work to respect be intended, then is *Blondelle* an exception to the rule.

In a former number we selected certain works of the imagination which have lately proceeded from the French press to illustrate the operation of pernicious literature upon the taste and manners of the age, and, at the conclusion of our remarks, we promised a recurrence to the subject to show how the infection has spread abroad in this country, tainting what little of good and pure, and offending what sense of decency we have yet left among us; but it certainly did not occur to us, when we made that promise, that we should so soon be called upon to notice a book bearing the name of one of our most respectable publishers, going as far beyond the worst productions of the worst French authors in the grossest and most undisguised indelicacy as it falls short of them in elegance of style and the slightly redeeming ingredient of wit. No! Fallen though we may be, we did not deem ourselves so low as that; or that it would be left to 1852 and an *employé* at the Foreign Office to prove to us that more stercoraceous trash than was ever voided out of Holywell-street may be served up for the delectation of fashionable society with impunity.

Of the style, if that can be called a style in which only the faults are original, our readers will appreciate from the quotations we shall be compelled to make that it is flippant and ungrammatical: the outlines of the story may be sketched in a few words.

Emmeline Brooke and her sister Blondelle (the heroine of the story) are the daughters of Sir Basil and Lady Brooke, the former an old *roué*, and the latter a worldly-hearted woman of fashion. Blondelle loves and is beloved by her cousin Charles Dalrymple, the Childe-Harold of the book, and, as the young gentleman is spoken of as being a young diplomatist, possibly intended for the portrait of the author himself;—a portrait, we dare to say, sketched with more truthfulness than was intended, for the love which this young hero bears towards his cousin does not debar him from carrying on a very unplatonic amour with the kept mistress of Sir Guy Trevelth. The last-named individual, a sort of modern CÉSAR BORGIA, is the person selected by Sir Basil and Lady Brooke as the husband of Blondelle. The course of Dalrymple's love is crossed; he is compelled to go abroad to attend the bedside of a dying mother; Blondelle is subjected to those inventions of social torture which match-making mothers know how to wield, and becomes the wife of Sir Guy Trevelth. Not many weeks after the marriage she unexpectedly returns home, from a visit, and finds her husband conducting an orgie in which her own father and four *camelias* are taking part. Disgusted, she deserts the shelter of her husband's roof, and, not long afterwards, dies of a broken heart; her end having been accelerated by the shock she experienced at seeing her father dance at a public ball with one of the ladies of easy virtue who had invaded the sanctity of her conjugal hearth. The estimable youth, Dalrymple, indeed survives; doubtless fate spared him that he might write this book.

That it may not be supposed that we do injustice to this author in the tone we see fit to adopt, and lest the outline we have given of the story should not prove sufficient, we subjoin a few extracts from the work in testimony of its unmitigated worthlessness. In one of those digressions respecting himself, of which the author seems very fond, he says:

We unfortunately do not seek for the society of the pure damsel. We admire her beauty—we are won by her innocence—and we look upon it as a thing at a distance, as a deity to be revered, but not approached; but such is our opinion of ourselves, that, after severe self-examination, we do not feel ourselves warranted in coming near her too familiarly. * * * Our talk, alas, smacks too much of this world, and we admire the more pungent conversation in which only a married woman may indulge.

A very delicate, and, we have no doubt, a very deserved compliment to the married ladies whose company this gentleman is in the habit of frequenting!

Another digression, in which the author indulges his readers with his opinions upon the subject of surreptitious marriages, runs as follows:

Do you consider social advantages as the only cause and object in marriage? Do you think, as the great Thackeray expresses it, WE FORGET HIS WORDS, that young lovers must wait till they can give their wives a brougham and a house in Eaton-place? Do you not recollect a passage in a work, the inspiration of which we cannot and will not doubt, that a woman must leave all, her father, mother, &c., and cleave to her husband; and do you in your heart believe that it is the ceremony alone that makes two human beings man and wife?

Really! So after an earnest study of THACKERAY and the Bible (which our readers will with difficulty recognise as the work whose inspiration this author "cannot and will not doubt," he arrives at the satisfactory conclusion that runaway marriages are consistent with the modern code of morals; and, as the turnkey in *Jonathan Wild* said concerning punch, are not spoken against in Scripture. Had his studies in this direction gone a little further, he would have found in that same book, of which he speaks so trippingly, a passage respecting the duty owed by children to their parents, which might have led him to adopt sounder views upon the subject.

It has been related that, when SOPHOCLES was asked for an explanation of one of the choruses in his *Edipus*, he frankly confessed that he supposed he had some idea in his mind when he composed the passage, but that he could not well remember what it was; and there are those who say that ALFRED TENNYSON has admitted certain stanzas of his own to be inexplicable. Possibly such may be the case with the author of *Blondelle*, but, if he or any of his friends will kindly favour us with an intelligible explanation of the following string of sentences, we shall confess ourselves to lie under a very deep obligation:

There was an entertainment at the house of Mrs. Darkin, who obeyed, as she invariably does* the dictates of the great. F. M. the Duke of Taunton was present, we in our humble capacity had the honour of assisting. Emmeline and Blondelle Brooke made their first appearance in the world! Think not, however, Madam, that you are to be shocked by a technical account of an obstetric solecism. Such will not be the case; for the girls, as the Hippodamoioi say, were rising eighteen, when the event occurred, which it is to be hoped you will read. No—there never will be anything in the works of the present writer to "raise a blush on the cheek of the most innocent."

The more glaringly indecent portions of the book; a lengthened disquisition upon the system of kept mistresses, which he gives in pity to the ignorance upon that subject which he supposes to exist among well-bred ladies; an erotic song and several scenes of debauchery, we forbear to quote for obvious reasons. There are passages, too, which lead us to infer that some of the characters and many misplaced allusions, have been introduced for the gratification of private pique; and it is very clear that the leading incidents of the tale bear a close resemblance to a story well known in certain circles of this metropolis. This renders us less scrupulous than we should otherwise have been with regard to the feelings of the author. In a moment of weak folly, such a work might have been allowed to slip into print, and its very fatuity would have supplied a sort of negative excuse; but, regarding it as the result of premeditated malice, its publication becomes infinitely more culpable. We trust, however, that it will bear its own punishment along with it. It is intended for a peace-offering to the high divinities of fashion; surely they will feel ashamed both of the incense and the priest. If

* Lest our readers should suppose that we have in malice omitted anything that might have assisted them to understand these sentences, we beg to assure them that the punctuation, if not correct, is exactly copied from the book itself.

not, those circles of fashion to which the book is especially addressed, must take the onus upon themselves and choose one of these two horns of the dilemma—either it is an insult that has been offered to them, or they have become so absolutely worthless that they are incapable of being insulted.

Uncle Walter. A Novel. By Mrs. TROLLOPE.

In 3 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

Cathal More; or, Self-Love and Self-Control.

By ARAMI. In 2 vols. London: Shoberl.

WALTER HARRINGTON, the hero of Mrs. TROLLOPE's new novel, had seen a great deal of the world—had studied nature much and books little—was "an enthusiastic botanist and zoologist," but ignorant "of all sorts of etiquette, conventionalities, habits of acting, and modes of thinking, which make up civilized social life." He possessed largeness of mind, a "peculiar directness and singleness in every intellectual operation," a pure and simple piety, an abounding charity towards all the follies, faults, and frailties of humanity. His height was six feet, his shoulders broad, his form thick set, his face and features large, "but free from anything like heaviness;" a high massive forehead, broad and square, large blue eyes, "bright with intelligence, and laughing with joyous frankness;" a large mouth, "filled with a magnificent set of teeth," a tanned complexion, but healthy withal, and hair that was his greatest peculiarity. He wore it "in huge wavy locks upon his shoulders," and it was mingled with white, so as "to produce the general appearance of very dark iron grey."

Such is the *Uncle Walter* whom Mrs. TROLLOPE introduces to us in her graphic manner, and conducts through a series of adventures, which, if not remarkable for novelty of invention, are well constructed, neatly woven together, and most pleasantly told. Mrs. TROLLOPE has the art of individualizing her personages; they are real men and women, and not merely the abstractions and ideals of classes. *Uncle Walter* is not a representative of uncles in general, nor of any of the conventional uncles of the novel or the drama; he is a distinct entity; a being who has lived, or might have lived, among us without being looked upon as a monster of virtue or of vice. His brother is the very model of a comfortable country clergyman; a man of respectabilities, appearances, and forms; and to the paragon comes Uncle Walter, with his boisterous speech, his somewhat coarse manners, but genuine good nature, and unaffected benevolence, shocking the churchman at first, but after a time, by force of his good sense and truthfulness, obtaining an influence over him and the whole household, where he is the guardian angel, warding off dangers, soothing distresses, and bringing about happy endings to affairs that threatened misery to more than one. He protects his niece from an unequal match, into which the ambition of her parents would have compelled her, and enables her to follow the better dictates of her own heart. He even saves the foolish peer, from whom he had saved his niece, from a plot laid for him by an unscrupulous woman. In the end, Uncle Walter makes everybody happy, after the proper number of pages full of difficulties, dangers, troubles and trials, and then the curtain drops.

If this is not equal to some of Mrs. TROLLOPE's earlier works, it is better than some of her late ones. No reader can fail to be amused by it, for it is a truthful picture, and there is just enough of her usual clever satire in it to please all and offend none; or, at least, only those who feel the arrow quivering in their own follies and vices. Take one specimen; Mrs. Fitzjames's

STATE OF THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

To a person as highly intelligent, and as thoroughly experienced as, notwithstanding her youth, Mrs. Fitzjames certainly was, in all the mysteries of love making, the importance of a romantic country excursion was perfectly well understood. Had it been required of her, indeed, she would have been perfectly well able also to set down, in numerical proportion, the respective value in this line of every occurrence likely to be produced by the accidents of human life.

For example: supposing the sum total of one thousand to be the amount required for the achievement of any given conquest, she would systematically have set down the relative value of every separate manoeuvre somewhat in this wise:—

First sight, under all advantages of dress, one hundred. Under disadvantage of ditto, but not presumed to be actually disfiguring, fifty. Morning occupation, with hands ungloved, and hair hanging in disorder (nicely arranged), fifty.

Caught reading a newly-arrived review (if the chase be literary), twenty-five. Transcribing music, if he be musical, one hundred and fifty.

A ball well lighted, with a good reposing-room, seventy. Fancy dress ditto, one hundred and sixty.

Caught singing an Italian bravura, or a French ballad, if you have a fine voice, and he has ears, one hundred and seventy five.

To be seen at early church, if he be a Puseyite, seventy-seven.

At an evening lecture, if he be an Evangelical, seventy-seven.

To be seen darning stockings, if he be a rich miser, one hundred.

To be seen embroidering in gold and seed pearls, if he be a poor elegant, one hundred.

A pic-nic, everything being *coteur de rose*, fifty.

Ditto, with a storm, seventy-five.

Ditto, with a moon, and a little dancing after, one hundred and fifty.

Ditto, when matters are tolerably far advanced beforehand, two hundred.

And so on, with an infinity of items, every one of which would have shown an admirable knowledge of the human heart.

There is some good writing in *Cathal More*. As its title would imply, it is an Irish story, designed to exhibit Irish life among the better classes, and also, as we suspect, to promulgate certain views entertained by the writer of the social evils of Ireland and their remedies. But with these we have no concern here, our duty being limited to a review of its merits as a fiction.

The great famine is the public event with which the incidents of the fiction are connected, and probably the famine was chosen by the author for his subject, and the story contrived to illustrate it, instead of the plot being woven first and then the event introduced, as is the more usual fashion with novelists. But this terrible calamity has given to the author opportunities, which he has not neglected, to introduce some scenes that needed no invention, for the time was full of them, but which, revived in the pages of fiction, touch the heart even more than when they came thronging upon us in the columns of the newspapers, almost losing their horror from their very number. Besides these, *Cathal More* abounds in didactic writing. Many of the dialogues are disquisitional; the talkers do not chat, but they argue, and, we are bound to say, very sensibly. These are the commendable features of this novel. For the rest, we cannot report so favourably. The personages are not individualized so as to present themselves to the readers as beings of flesh and blood; they will not be remembered long after as "people we have met;" they "come like shadows, so depart." The author's forte, manifestly, is not invention or portraiture, but description and disquisition; probably he would write a better essay than fiction. Nevertheless, for the reasons stated, *Cathal More* is, upon the whole, a production creditable to the writer, and the perusal of which will not be without profit, even if it should fail to afford the same amount of mere amusement as more artistical novels.

THE Library Edition of "The Waverley Novels," for the present month, contains *The Black Dwarf* and *A Legend of Montrose*. Perfection is still maintained in the accessories of print and paper, &c.—Miss EMMA AUGUSTA BRIDGES has published a religious tale, entitled *The Vicarage of Elwood*, with a preface by the Rev. W. B. FLOWER. The aim of the writer is doctrinal—the tone particularly unfeminine. The uses of confession as now practised at Plymouth, and the necessity of absolutism, are sought to be explained. Of the success of the writer in these respects, it is not our province to speak; but we regret she did not adopt some more appropriate and forcible mode of preaching her faith, than that of placing her arguments in the doubtful guise of fiction.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, and *The White Slave*, by R. HILDRETH, Esq., are published as companion volumes of "The Illustrated Library." The engravings in each are very numerous.—*The Pilgrims of New England, a Tale of the Early American Settlers*, by Mrs. J. B. WEBB, does not impress us so favourably as did the *Julamerck* of this authoress. It is more circumstantial and less imaginative—more a record and less a creation than were her previous works. And though this fact does not detract from the value of the work, it does from its interest. A description of the manners and habits of the earliest Puritan Settlers in New England, their trials and sufferings, their religious earnestness, and fanaticism and intolerance, would be better conveyed in an historical account than in a tale, where fiction is blended with whatever of truth it may contain. That the authoress has produced an agreeable book we are bound to confess, that it will be a useful one we doubt, for most readers, like ourselves, will be puzzled what to value as fact, and

what to dismiss as the ornaments prescribed by the author's fancy. As there is much writing skill in the volume, we the more regret the error which has marred its trustworthiness.—A second edition of Mr. BOSWORTH's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, furnishes a new preface by the authoress, in which she handsomely acknowledges the fair offer made by Mr. BOSWORTH, of a royalty on every copy of the work sold by him. Mrs. STOWE also defends from the strictures of the press the naturalness of the characters which go to make up her tale. She quotes Parliamentary evidence, real wills, and other documentary proof that her personages are, or have been, realities.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poetic Works of Keats. London: E. Moxon. 1852.

Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. London: E. Moxon. 1852.

(Continued from page 537.)

WE pass from these remarks about the religious opinions or no opinions of KEATS and SHELLEY, to say a few words about some of their works. We read both *Endymion* and *Hyperion* over again lately, and saw little reason to alter or modify our former judgment. *Endymion* is wonderful in its weakness as in its beauty. Its faults of language and conception are too obvious to dwell on. It has a far deadlier fault. Some extravagant books seize hold on you in spite or in consequence of their extravagance, and whirl you in and round like the Maelstrom; you believe in them, and you tremble as you believe. *Endymion* is, on the whole, void of interest, not to speak of the strong suction of power—it is a dull extravagance, and this is its real defect. We need not stop to speak of the numerous beauties which are lavishly interspersed. These are true and rich roses, but they are, alas! roses wreathed around the brow of a corpse.

In one of his sonnets, KEATS breathes the wish—

To sit upon an Alp as on a throne.

Surely that wish was granted when he read *Hyperion*! It is, at least, a huge mass of Cyclopean masonry, interrupted as if by the lightnings of Heaven! All about it is gigantic; scarce a weak line occurs in it. We are forced to compare it to the two first books of *Paradise Lost*, those twin peaks of glory rising "above all Greek, all Roman fame," and dwindling even the proud summits of the remaining Ten. How KEATS conceived and sustained such a work till its last word, "celestial," and the stars that follow, we cannot understand, except on the principle of a power projected forward from eternity—the mighty inspiration of coming death. DE QUINCEY, with his wonted infallible critical tact and "inevitable eye," has pointed out for peculiar admiration the description of the signs which told the inheritor of the Palace of the Sun, that he was to share in the general ruin of the Saturnian race, those "horrors portioned to a giant nerve," which made even *Hyperion* tremble. The poet saw that a ghost of Lilliput could never terrify a Brobdingnagian; that terrors must rise with strength and stature; that there is a proportion, and that there must be a harmony, even in imaginary horrors; and, on this hint he spake. And hence we have, in *Hyperion*'s halls, the neighing of supernal steeds, and the stretching out of strange and mighty eagle's wings, and sudden darkening, and sudden flushing in the marvellous light of the place, and other wondrous symptoms, which tell that the end of that bright dynasty is near.

POLLOCK, whether in imitation of this, or from the instinct of his own powerful genius, has given a similar list of wonders as occurring before the close of this mundane system. His signs, like those in *Hyperion*, might almost terrify heaven itself! Think of the "Sun now rising before his time, and rousing the wolf prematurely to chase the shepherd and his sheep," and now "with wings of wrath hovering over his disk," and now winking and staggering, blackening or paling upon his midday throne! Think of

Earnest whispers ran among the hills at dead of night—
And all the words were heard were *spoke of Man*.

And think once more of this line, enough of itself to prove POLLOCK a great poet:

The cattle looked with meaning face on Man.

Better than even the picture of the Celestial Terrors, or than the picture of SATURN in his solitude, or of the Giants in their cave, is that of young APOLLO—

Sole sitting on the shores of old Romance,
weeping in his aching ignorance and over his

golden bow, and waiting till the "awful Goddess" MNEMOSYNE arrives, and till, as he gazes at her face all sculptured with the hieroglyphs of the Past—

Knowledge enormous makes a God of him.

KEATS leaves us in doubt whether to prefer the "giant" or the "stripling" of the "Sun." The development of APOLLO's character—the contrast between him and his predecessor—the final conflict between the two Dynasties, were topics awaiting treatment; and to which, doubtless, ample justice would have been done in the remainder of the poem. But life was denied him. From his poetic dreams he was summoned to the solemn realities of Death, and the Unseen state, to behold, let us trust, halls more glorious than the Palace of the Sun, and far above his sphere, and to employ that fine genius which had sung of Nature here below, in the loftier minstrelies which celebrate the salvation and glory of the Lamb.

On SHELLEY's works, individually, we need not dwell. We may, ere saying a mere word or two about them, first protest against the gross want of taste and sense discovered by his friends in retaining in the collected edition the blasphemies of *Queen Mab* and *Peter Bell the Third*. Mrs. SHELLEY, to be sure, is dead, but has Justice TALFOURD no say in the matter? The only excuse for SHELLEY's language on the subject of religion is, that on that subject he was positively insane, but this is an excuse which will hardly save the credit of his friends. They have neither inspiration nor frenzy. What would the world have thought if Mrs. BURNS and Dr. CURRIE had agreed to publish BURNS' *Merry Muses* and his obscene *Letters* in the same volume with *Mary in Heaven* and the *Cottar's Saturday Night*. This had not been a greater insult to society than the conduct of SHELLEY's executors has been. Surely there is quite enough of infidelity in his other works. We are certain that if he could speak from within

The mighty veil

Which doth divide the living and the dead,

it would not more certainly be to express sorrow for his miserable mistake about Christianity, than to rebuke the evil offices of his friends, in seeking to immortalize the effusions of his monomania, by binding them up with the richer and calmer products of his genius.

The great superiority of SHELLEY as a poet after all lies in his music. BAILEY, of Festus, has an incomparably richer imagination; WORDSWORTH a far deeper philosophic vein; COLERIDGE sings from a loftier peak, and has a larger Panspipe in his hands; but for music, no poet since MILTON has surpassed, or perhaps equalled, SHELLEY. Nor is its variety less wonderful than its sweetness. He has passed up the whole gamut of sound, from the treble of a fay to the melodious groans of an imprisoned God. He is equally at home in the music of the lyric—the poetical epistle—of the drama—and of the epic. His odes are as musical as those of COLERIDGE—his little songs as those of SHAKESPEARE—his Spenserian measure is as rich as that of SPENSER himself—and his blank verse yields to MILTON alone. His verse may be compared to his own guitar.

Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells,
For it had learned all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forest and the mountains,
And the many-voiced fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven in its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way.

Alas! the sense and truth are not always equal to the sweetness of the strain, or to the skill and enthusiasm of the performer. We will not say with HAZLITT, that "while many men have been made better and wiser men by reading SHAKESPEARE, no one was ever made better or wiser by reading SHELLEY;" but we will say that, on the whole, a mass of more morbid and unhappy reading does not exist in the compass of poetry than is to be found in this vast octavo of SHELLEY's poetical works. Their music is that of the songs of Pandemonium—their power is that of blindness. The great lesson they teach us is the feebleness of the finest genius, when it tries to stand alone, after having shaken down the ancient

pillars of earth and Heaven. What was this poet but a new Phaeton, driving a glowing chariot, and eclipsing, as he went, for a moment, the starry signs; but as he advanced, he stumbled and fell, and again there appeared the old constellations of Man's Hope looking down with redoubled brightness upon earth, and with deep pity upon the hapless charioteer.

Yes, with pity, for hard the heart must be not to pity SHELLEY. So young, so brave, so beautiful, so gifted, so sincere, so utterly mistaken and misled, so early lost! Many weep and justly for BYRON, but BYRON, by his own confession, suffered for his sins. SHELLEY, in a great measure, for his misfortunes. Bitterness mingled with every drop in the cup of his life. His first marriage was a curse—his poetry became a hissing and a byword—his inspiration was largely tainted with madness—his short life was a long duel with death, and at last he went down, as to the sound of the Trumpets of Nature, amidst voices and lightnings and thunders into the deep, dead sea. How account for such a destiny? We cannot. It remains a mystery for the discoveries of that Great Day when the thoughts of every heart and the deeds of every life shall be revealed, and when many of the obscurest purposes and deeds even of that Inscrutable Mind, who made the universe, shall become naked and plain.

Another KEATS or SHELLEY we can never look for again nor wish for. They were both beautiful embodied diseases—the one a fine consumption—the other a strong and swift fever. But we find, every day, traces of resemblance between them and some of the young poets of our time. We are proud to think that we have been somewhat instrumental in turning public attention upon two young Poets of the highest promise—the one bearing a striking resemblance to KEATS and the other to SHELLEY. We refer to A. SMITH and SIDNEY YENDYS. SMITH seems to us a modified KEATS, and YENDYS a Christian and sobered SHELLEY. In SMITH we find much of the fine music, the deep, delicate allusion, the passionate love of nature and the sensuous, almost voluptuous tone of KEATS, blended with, we think, even a richer vein of distinct, outstanding and original imagery. In YENDYS, we find, much of SHELLEY's profound earnestness, determined purpose, daring rhetoric, profusion of imagery, and richness of language—in music alone he is as yet decidedly inferior. But what is best of all—all his powers move under a living sense of a living God—and a deep-seated belief in the divine origin and mission of JESUS CHRIST. Both these young Poets have yet much to learn. SMITH must subdue his sensuous tone, must vary the objects from which he draws his glorious imagery, and must try some more consecutive and artistic work. YENDYS must resist a tendency, we see growing on him, to over-refinement and subtlety, to obscurity and mysticism; and should remember, that much of the popularity of "The Roman" was owing to its bold and manly clearness and directness both of thought and language. His promised Poem, from certain MS. extracts we have seen, will probably please our present race of critics better than his first, and will contain passages and thoughts superior to anything in it; but we are not sure if it will materially advance the great purpose at which he aims, that namely, of seizing the highest poetic pedestal, in order to preach from it what he deems the highest religious truth. Sooner or later, however, we believe, if life be granted him, he is destined for some such proud eminence. To both our young friends we may surely, at least, add an emphatic and hopeful

Pergite Pueri.

APOLLODORUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Literary Anecdotes and Contemporary Reminiscences of Professor Porson and others, from the Manuscript Papers of the late E. H. Barker, Esq., of Thetford, Norfolk. Vols. I. II. London: J. R. Smith.

MR. BARKER's reputation as an author is not likely to be revived by the publication of these notes. He had once a chance of obtaining a high rank among the scholars of his age, but his great work, *The Greek Lexicon*, fell into the hands of an envious critic, who by a single article set aside the labour of years.

"At that period such was the influence of *The Quarterly Review* that an article written with the tythe of talent exhibited by Mr. BARKER's antagonist (Dr. BLOOMFIELD) was enough to mar the

sale of a work, especially if it was supposed to come from a liberal in politics and religion—a party which it is now conceived as hopeless to oppose as it was then thought silly to support, but to which Mr. BARKER had in early life attached himself, and to whose colours he stuck with a constancy that even knaves admire and only fools are ready to imitate."

However much Mr. BARKER might have fancied himself ill-used by this criticism, we doubt whether he possessed any other qualification for his gigantic undertaking than persevering industry. His index alone is said to have occupied him three years.

We select a few of the memoranda which are likely to be least known and are best authenticated:

WARBURTON AND SHERLOCK.

Halton, February 16, 1814.—Mr. John Bartlam, Dr. Parr and myself had a long chat after having returned from Kenilworth. In the course of it the Doctor said, in his usual earnest and impressive manner—"If ever you or Barker, after I am dead, hear it dogmatically said that Warburton was an unbeliever, I charge you to remember my words. His belief in Christianity was unfeigned. If ever you hear it said that Sherlock, who often took the orthodox side, was a believer—it may be, but I pause—he was a wise man, but I think he was sceptical. Sir Robert Walpole wished to have made him Chancellor, and in that high office he would have dug out great principles of equity, and would have been next to Yorke."—See *Warburtonian Tracts*, p. 185, n., 186, n.; *Wilkes' Correspondence*, vol. iii., p. 78.

NEWTON.

On October 27, 1831, I met in company with Hughes, Professor Haviland, at the room of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. He said that Sir Isaac Newton was in confinement for three weeks. He learnt the fact from the late Dr. Gregory (who seems to have been a relation), probably he could tell more about Newton.—Vol. i. p. 30.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

In the London Institution there is a copy of *The Critical Review* with the names attached to each article.

LORD LYTTLETON.

August 25, 1838.—Major Revell drew the attention of Porson to a literary imposition which was unknown to him. In purchasing some books from a bookseller he observed one entitled *Persian Letters*, which he took for granted was the work of Lord Lyttelton about the Constitution of Great Britain and Ireland. But on examination he found that it was the production of some Tory, who by mutilation here, and interpolation there, and change everywhere, had impudently and fraudulently torified the book to his taste, still retaining the original title. To increase the saleable qualities of the book he has inserted a long ghost story.—Vol. ii., p. 194.

We hope there is no truth in the following:

Edward Percival, I believe the clerical son of Dr. Percival of Manchester, was a pupil of Dr. Shepherd of Liverpool, who was a very strict disciplinarian. Edward had received too many proofs of it not to harbour with his disposition a thought of revenge. He heard that the life of Poggio was forthcoming—got possession of a copy as soon as it appeared, wrote a critique for *The Edinburgh*, of which a number was just come out, and to the great surprise and annoyance of Shepherd, sent him a manuscript copy of the critique in his own hand and with his name attached; a few days after the critique itself appeared. Shepherd's book was shelved—he lost 1,500*l.*, and was sorely grieved.

BARKER.

Barker was in the habit of adding to his name, in the title pages of pamphlets, the mysterious initials O. T. N., which much puzzled his friends, particularly continental scholars, who supposed these letters denoted an academical degree, whereas their simple meaning was, Of Thetford, Norfolk.

HORNE TOOKE.

King's Bench Prison, May 13, 1837.—Mr. Moore, a surgeon, generally called Dr. Moore, who is a prisoner in the Bench, says that the Rev. Dr. Shepherd, of Liverpool, was with Horne Tooke at Wimbledon for three weeks before his death. He had been reading or talking to Tooke about that far distant country from which no traveller returns. Well, said Horne, I do not doubt what you say about that fine country, but I must confess that I would rather be here. He died three minutes afterwards. p. 91.

ST. EDMUND'S OAK.

There is a large oak-tree in Norfolk called St. Edmund's Oak, to which it is said the Danes tied Edmund King of the East Angles when they shot him to death with arrows. Note.—This tree has since

perished, and when it was cut up an arrow point was found deeply embedded in its trunk, about six feet from the ground, forming a remarkable proof of the truth of the legend.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

Jackson's Coffee House, Bow Street, July 6, 1828.—Major Revell was here to-night and said as follows:—Mr. Dubois received a letter from Sir Philip Francis, written with such force and point that its resemblance to Junius struck him particularly. He wrote a letter to Sir P. F., in which he remarked that he should have pronounced him Junius had not Sir Philip so frequently denied the authorship to him. On receiving this letter Sir Philip proceeded to Dubois's chambers in great wrath, actually foaming at the mouth, and asking Dubois how he dared to write to him such insinuations after his frequent denials of the authorship, declared that if he ever repeated the insinuation their friendship would be severed for ever. The excitement into which he was thrown was so extraordinary that it left an impression on Dubois's mind that he had something to do with the matter.—*Literary Anecdotes*, &c. By E. H. Barker. Vol. i., p. 245.

Major Revell said that his father used to speak of the extraordinary effect produced on the Royal Exchange by the publication of Junius' first letter.—*ib.* p. 251.

LORD ERSKINE AND DR. PARR.

Dr. Parr and Lord Erskine are said to have been the vainest men of their time. At dinner some years since, Dr. Parr, in extacies of the conversational powers of Lord Erskine, called out to him, "My lord, I mean to write your epitaph." "Dr. Parr," replied the noble lawyer, "it is a temptation to commit suicide." This story is extracted from the *Memorabilia* in *The London Magazine*, and bears mark of a bad spirit in the writer. I once mentioned the matter to Dr. Parr, who replied, with his habitual candour, that he one day met his lordship walking in London, and in the course of their conversation, which had some allusion to inscriptions, observed to him that he had written an epitaph for his lordship. "Have you, indeed," replied Lord Erskine, with his accustomed pleasantry, "why that is a temptation to commit suicide."

Mr. BARKER considers this version of the anecdote preferable to the first, but at the same time he impugns its authenticity by supposing that the conversation did not occur in the street, but at Mr. COKE's house in Burlington-street, where Dr. PARR, for the last time, met Mr. ERSKINE. We are inclined to think that Mr. BARKER has varied both time and place, to give greater effect to his anecdote. This propensity to embellish is the bane of history.

Mr. M. was well acquainted with Parr. He says that he is a great admirer of the preface and dedication to Warburton's Tracts, which he can almost repeat by heart. He once told Parr that he was going to dine with three great Tories, possibly bishops, when Parr said, "Tell them that their insignificance protects them from my vengeance." He desired Mr. M. to say to Cumberland, the dramatist, that his ignorance was only excelled by his impudence, and his impudence was only excelled by his malice. He accompanied Queen Caroline to the House of Lords, and when they entered, and the House rose to receive her, Parr made three bows, as if in acknowledgment of an honour due to himself.—Vol. i., p. 63.

SIR WILLIAM DRAPER.

Sir William Draper commanded the land forces sent against Manila: Sir Samuel Cornish the naval. The Archbishop of the place sent a Latin letter to Sir William Draper, hoping to gain time for the removal of the most valuable effects from the town. Sir William fell into the trap, and spent much time in polishing his Latin replies to the Archbishop. At length, the town was surrendered, and then it was discovered that the Archbishop had caused all the moveable property of value to be taken out of the town. Sir Samuel Cornish, sorely grieved at the loss of plunder, swore that it was all owing to the Latin letters of Sir William Draper, which he had wasted so much time in polishing, and that if any son of his attempted to learn Latin he would flog him—that is to say, him most severely.—Vol. i., p. 151.

This ardent desire which Sir WILLIAM DRAPER had to be thought a scholar, is corroborated by a sarcasm from the pen of his bitterest opponent. After having ironically complimented Sir WILLIAM on his "academical education," he adds, "You are a scholar, Sir WILLIAM, and if I am rightly informed, you write Latin with almost as much purity as English." The sarcasm had for its immediate reference a Latin panegyric on Lord CHATHAM, corrected by Dr. BARNARD, of Eton, but the writer was evidently well acquainted with Sir WILLIAM DRAPER's foible, and the above

circumstance, if true, was probably not unknown to him.

SHERIDAN.

The late R. B. Sheridan, being once on a Parliamentary committee, happened to enter the room when most of the members were present and seated, though business had not yet commenced, when, perceiving that there was not another seat in the room, he, with his usual readiness said, "Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?"

Some of Mr. BARKER's anecdotes are to be cautiously received, since he can have no foundation for them but very questionable authority or his own conjecture. Thus, he tells us that "the Ordinary of Newgate, intrusted with the distribution of Bibles, always gave a Bible to a condemned felon, calculating on receiving it back and making a profit by the sale." A clergyman who would act thus would deserve some other place in Newgate than the responsible appointment of Ordinary.

THE ENGLISHMAN, THE IRISHMAN, AND THE SCOTCHMAN.

London, October 10, 1835.—A few days ago I breakfasted with Mr. Stewart (of the firm of MacLachlan and Stewart, of Edinburgh), and he said that once when he was looking at some prints in the shop window of Moon, of Threadneedle-street, he heard an Englishman say, "A d— fine girl that." Irishman—"Let us buy something to get a near sight of her." Scotchman—"No, it will do to ask change for half-a-crown."—Vol. i., p. 62.

Dr. Cogan, in early life, was minister to a small congregation of English Presbyterians at Southampton, and he said of them that their souls were so few that they were not worth saving.

Lucian affirms the souls of usurers after their deaths are to be metempsychosed or translated into the bodies of asses, there to remain for poor men to take their pennyworths out of their bones and sides, with a cudgel and spur.

Many of these anecdotes, if they can properly be so called, want the gloss of novelty. Such, for instance, as the story of "rooks being subject to epilepsy," and some score of *bon mots* to be found in every jest book. Others are still more objectionable, on account of their obscenity or their irreligious tendency. Some, though innocent enough, possess little that can be acceptable to the present generation, however they might have been relished at the time that the heroes of them were enjoying a temporary popularity. Such, for the most part, are the anecdotes and reminiscences of General MINA. We select one as an example:

General Mina, when in England in 1823, visited the Theatre at Plymouth. During the evening, a sailor who sat in the pit, with that characteristic freedom which British sailors are remarked for, held up his hat, which contained a quantity of nuts, to General Mina, with a wish that he would take some. The General put his hand into the hat and took out a handful, at the same time remarking to a gentleman who accompanied him, "I will keep these nuts as long as I live, for I am certain had they been guineas he would have given them me."

The sailor was probably half drunk, and the General, no doubt, quite as much overcome with astonishment as gratitude. The guineas, and MINA's *vow*, may be regarded as embellishments. Anecdotes of MINA, like those of his parallel, Kossuth, will in a few years be forgotten, but the reminiscences of the honours paid these heroes while in this country may hereafter be of service to some painstaking chronicler of the times, and help him to complete a volume.

Among the *bon mots* we find the following, taken from *The Observer*, August 29, 1824. The original is to be found in a scarce French work, entitled *Demesle de L'esprit et du Jugement*, 1698:

The Marquis del Carpio, a grandee of Spain, in giving the holy water to a lady who presented him, according to Lord Byron, her "lank birdlike hand," ornamented with a fine diamond, said, loud enough to be heard, "I would rather have the ring than the hand." The lady, taking him instantly by the collar of his order, said, "And I the halter rather than the ass."

It is strange that Mr. BARKER should have had so little remaining pride as to date many of his reminiscences from the King's Bench Prison, where he was confined for liabilities not very creditably incurred. But, latterly, this industrious "literator" seems to have lost all self-respect, as appears too evident from the want of good taste and even decency in many of the

anecdotes. The editor would have done well if he had suppressed the greater portion of the materials here given to the public. Instead of repeating the anecdotes *again and again*, he should have retained only such as were new, and fit for general readers; these volumes, in that case, would have been small indeed.

The Romance of the Forum; or Narratives, Scenes and Anecdotes from Courts of Justice. By PETER BURKE, Esq. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1852. WHEN a good woman, who cared little for politics, and to whom city articles and "leaders" were incomprehensible, was once asked what part of the newspaper she took the liveliest interest in, she very naively replied "*the police reports and the murders*;" and this appears to be the particular bent and disposition of Mr. PETER BURKE. This gentleman, who must in nowise be confounded with the learned editor of the celebrated *Burke's Peerage*, and the no less valuable *History of the Landed Gentry*, seems to have made the annals of criminal jurisprudence the subject of his especial attention; from that interesting class of works, which may be fitly represented by *The Newgate Calendar*, he had already contrived to evolve one very entertaining work called *Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy*, which, doubtless, many of our readers have perused with feelings of great interest, and now this *Romance of the Forum* is no less conspicuous an example of his alchemical skill.

We shall note down a few of the most celebrated cases referred to for the benefit of those who have not leisure to peruse the entire, without, however, anticipating the interest in the work which those of our readers cannot fail to experience who have an opportunity of reading it.

The case of ARUNDEL COKE, Esq., a Barrister-at-Law, who was indicted under the statute commonly called *The Coventry Act*, for the cutting and maiming of his brother-in-law Mr. CRISPE, is one of no ordinary interest. Mr. CRISPE, being a man of large property, had made his will in favour of COKE, a circumstance well known to the latter, who, wearied with awaiting the enjoyment of the estate, conspired with a labouring man named JOHN WOODBURN to have him removed by murder. For this purpose he invited him to his house to dinner, and lying in wait for him in a churchyard, WOODBURN and himself set upon him and left him for dead. Mr. CRISPE fortunately recovered from his wounds, and COKE, with his accomplice WOODBURN, were tried for the mayhem. On his trial COKE defended himself, and adopted the most singular line of defence that was ever urged on behalf of a prisoner; he admitted the facts but contended that judgment could not pass upon the verdict inasmuch as the act of Parliament simply mentioned an intent to murder, whereas he had been firmly resolved to commit murder. This objection, however, was overruled by KING, C. J., who reminded him that the jury had found him guilty in terms of the offence charged in the indictment, and he expiated his crime on the gallows at Bury St. Edmunds on the 31st of March, 1722.

The next case of any notoriety is that of CHARLES MCLAUGHLIN, commonly called MACKLIN, the celebrated actor, who was tried at the Old Bailey in 1735 for the murder of THOMAS HALLAM, by thrusting a stick into his left eye, and thereby giving him a mortal wound, of which he languished till the next day and then he died. The unfortunate occurrence took place in the green-room of Drury-lane Theatre, when Mr. FLEETWOOD was the manager. Both HALLAM and MACKLIN were members of the company. A quarrel arose between them concerning the use of a wig; a scuffle ensued, and in the heat of the moment MACKLIN made a thrust with his walking-stick, which pierced the eye of his opponent. It being clear that there was no malice, and that it was an unfortunate occurrence for which very little blame was attributable to MACKLIN, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of manslaughter, with benefit of clergy, and, according to the practice of those days, MACKLIN was burnt in the hand and discharged. "It would certainly," says Mr. BURKE, "have been a more than ordinary sacrifice had his life paid the penalty of his hasty act; for MACKLIN survived the trial sixty-two years, and died the 11th of July, 1797, at the age of 107."

The second volume opens with the case of the impostor, JOHN HATFIELD, who acquired very great notoriety about the beginning of the present century from his connexion with the fate of

MARY ROBINSON, "the Beauty of Buttermere." This HATFIELD, whose graver offence in the eye of the law consisted of a tissue of forgeries and false impersonations, had contrived to insinuate himself into MARY's affections, by assuming the name of the Honourable Colonel HOPE, M.P. The poor girl was deceived, and married him; but it was very soon discovered that he had a wife living, and that his assumption of the name of HOPE was a gross and impudent imposture. HATFIELD was tried for the forgeries, and hanged at Carlisle, in the month of September, 1803. Mary of Buttermere survived, but her beauty soon faded, and she who had acquired such a fatal celebrity from the praises lavished upon her charms by the author of *A Fortnight's Ramble to the Lakes*, is spoken of by the author of *A Tour to the Lakes* in 1806, as being nothing very remarkable.

The case of WILLIAM HAWKESWORTH, a soldier in the foot guards, who was hanged during the reign of GEORGE I., for striking down a civilian with his musket, and fracturing his skull, so that he died in a few hours, elicits from Mr. BURKE the remark that the case was a lesson to the army, and he attributes that passive forbearance towards the most riotous mobs, for which the British soldier is so justly celebrated, to the moral example afforded by this case. This we cannot agree with; an unwillingness to use his strength, except in a case of the last necessity, especially if he be armed, is inseparable from the character of the British soldier, and we doubt if many of the foot-guards are at all aware that such an event as the execution of WILLIAM HAWKESWORTH ever took place.

The following last dying speech, delivered by GEORGE MANLEY, on the scaffold at Wicklow in 1738, is certainly a curiosity in its way; and, truly, there is something not very far removed from reason in what this philosophical felon remarks:—

My friends, you assemble to see—what? a man take a leap into the abyss of death. Look, and you shall see me go with as much courage as Curtius, when he leapt into the gulph to save his country from destruction. What then will you say of me? You say that no man without virtue can be courageous. You see I am courageous. You'll say, I have killed a man. Marlborough killed his thousands, and Alexander his millions: Marlborough and Alexander, and many others who have done the like, are famous in history for great men. But I killed one solitary man. Ay, that's the case—one solitary man. I'm a little murderer, and must be hanged. Marlborough and Alexander plundered countries: they were great men. I ran in debt with the ale-wife: I must be hanged.

Upon Mr. BURKE's authority, the real owner of the feat so generally attributed to DICK TURPIN, namely, the ride to York, is one NICKS, a highwayman who flourished in the reign of CHARLES II. It appears that about the year, a robbery was committed by NICKS upon no less famous a place than Gad's-hill (sacred to the memory of Falstaff), an eminence which, as our readers may be aware, is situate between Rochester and Gravesend. Here we will let Mr. BURKE tell the story in his own words.

This Nicks, mounted on a splendid bay mare, stopped and pilfered a traveller at four o'clock in the morning, just at the declivity of Gad's Hill, and then rode off to Gravesend (as he afterwards confessed.) From the difficulty of procuring a boat so early, he was detained at Gravesend nearly an hour. Though chagrined at this, he availed himself of the time to bait his horse. Having at last been conveyed over the river, he rode across the county of Essex to Chelmsford: here he stopped about half an hour to again refresh his steed and give it some balls. Then on he went to Brambro', Bocking and Wetherfield: then over the Downs to Cambridge: thence, keeping always the cross roads, he passed Godmanchester and Huntingdon by Fenny-Stratford, where he baited his horse, took some refreshment, and slept about half an hour. Once more started, he proceeded upon the north road, and riding at full speed arrived at York the same afternoon. Here Nicks changed his clothes, and walking out, went to a bowling green, where he mixed with the company as an inhabitant of the place. Among the other gentlemen present at the amusement, there happened to be the Lord Mayor himself of the city of York. Nicks immediately singled out this dignitary, and contrived to do something particular in order that he might remember him. He then seized an opportunity of inquiring of his lordship the hour it was. The latter, pulling out his watch, told him it was a quarter before eight. Some time after, Nicks was apprehended and prosecuted for the robbery. At the trial, the whole merit of the case

turned upon the *alibi* set up. The person who had been robbed, in detailing the offence, swore to the man, the place, and the time. But Nicks had the Lord Mayor of York to prove that he was in his city at a certain time, and the jury acquitted him on the supposition that it was impossible a person could be in two places so remote from each other on the same day.

The mournful case of the Duke and Duchess of PRASLIN concludes the work, which we heartily recommend to such of our readers as are curious in these matters.

The Advocate; his Training, Practice, Rights, and Duties. By EDWARD W. COX, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Law Times Office.

(Continued from page 538.)

THESE hints may be useful:

HOW TO READ.

Read slowly and read twice. A book that is worth reading at all is worthy of careful reading.

Your daily task should comprise three classes of books, all having instruction for their object, but varying in the degree of labour requisite to be bestowed upon them,—namely, books that *inform*, books that *educate*, and *professional* books.

The books that *inform* are those whose primary purpose is to fill the mind with *facts*,—as history and science. The books that *educate* are those which cultivate the reasoning faculties, and teach the mind to frame its own opinions, and evolve its own thoughts; such are philosophy, mental and moral, political economy, languages, and polite literature. *Professional* books are such as convey a knowledge of the law, and make an accomplished lawyer of the accomplished gentleman; for be it over borne in mind that the latter is the necessary substratum of the former, and that the *Gentleman* must precede the *Advocate*.

The books that *inform* must be read with some distrust of the unaided memory. All the appliances of art must be brought to its assistance. History should never be read without an atlas and a table of contemporary chronology open by the side, and the eye should trace every locality described, and dates should be fixed in the recollection by noting what other events of moment occurred about the same time in other parts of the world. So should the sciences be studied with the help of diagrams, and drawings, and actual experiments, without which it is almost impossible to understand accurately the principles and processes described.

The books that *educate* should be read after this fashion. Philosophy, ethics, and political economy, whose primary purpose is to teach the mind *how to think*, should be read slowly, a few pages only at one sitting, and twice over, and then, closing the book, the student should set down, in the fewest words and in the closest logical order, the argument of the author. He will thus at the same moment test his understanding of what he has read, and accustom himself to think closely and clearly. If he find that he is unable to state the argument succinctly, let him read again and again until he have mastered it. This may try his patience at first, but aptitude will grow with practice, and ere long the task will be both easy and agreeable. He will begin to enjoy the exercise of his mental powers, and from learning to glean the thoughts of others, he will soon come to have clear thoughts and opinions of his own.

Languages and Polite Literature, which have the twofold object of extending the range of ideas and cultivating the power of expression, besides giving a peculiar refinement and grace which nothing else will impart, require only a careful choice of the best works of the best authors, and reading twice or thrice to impress them upon the memory. At the first reading of an eloquent book, the mind is engrossed by its novelty. It must be read a *second* time for the enjoyment of all the elements of beauty or sublimity that unite to produce the admirable whole. A *third* time it must be read for the purpose of *analysis*, to learn the sources of the author's success, that we may learn *his art*. Remember that the *Advocate* is but an author who *speaks* essays instead of writing them.

And this on

THE USE OF SAXON WORDS.

The language of the people of England is in great part Saxon. The admixture of Latin and Greek words in their vocabulary is very inconsistent. Almost every name of every object in common life is Saxon. The only books with whose phraseology their minds are perfectly familiar—the Bible and the Prayer-book—are thoroughly Saxon. So are most of our provincialisms. The language of our childhood and of our boyhood is Saxon. All our best and most popular writers have left us their thoughts in Saxon. It is not until we dedicate our days and years to the mastery of the dead languages of Greece and Rome that we gradually come to

substitute the words that have been derived from them for the more expressive words we have received from our ancestors.

And impressed as they are by long familiarity, the difficulty of again replacing them by the language they had displaced should be fully appreciated, that proportionate exertions may be made for its accomplishment. It will not be a work of a month, or of a year, but of a life. It should be your constant aim from the beginning to the end of your career as an orator. You must read much, and cull your reading; write, and purge your writing. The books that will help you to the purest Saxon are not very numerous, nor do they need to be, for it will not suffice to read them, and put them aside when read, like books that are perused for knowledge; but they must be read over and over again, consulted almost daily for the purpose of refreshment "from the pure well of English undefiled." Fortunately, the most purely Saxon book in our language is one which otherwise you ought to read daily for other purposes,—The Bible,—and from its phraseology there is derived this further advantage, that, besides its Saxon purity, it is so familiar to every ear that there is no audience, from the highest to the very lowest, to whom it does not appear *expressive*, and in whose minds it does not conjure up distinct ideas.

There is another advantage resulting from the use of Saxon by an orator, and which is seen even when he is addressing a classically educated audience. It is eminently *pictorial*. It expresses few abstract ideas. Its words are pictures, and the entire train of thoughts which they suggest are distinct in form and full of colour. It is manifestly the language of a young race whose perceptions had been more cultivated than their reflective faculties. Hence they are more readily intelligible than the terms of a more refined language, which require some portion of thought to discover their precise meaning; hence also their peculiar advantage in oratory, where the listener has no time for reflection, when it is necessary that words shall instantly suggest the images the orator desires to call up in the minds of his audience, under penalty of being but half understood. It is this power of word-painting which recommends so many *uneducated* preachers and speakers to popularity—it is the absence of it that deprives the scholar of his influence over an audience and makes them yawn, in spite of all his substantial learning and sound argument, while the self-taught field-preacher or pot-house orator is commanding the ears of his applauding circle. The one talks Greek and Latin, with their refined abstractions; the other talks Saxon in word and spirit, with its graphic images, its expressions of homely sounds, and its familiar associations.

Nor is this difference of effect confined to the uneducated classes. It extends to all: and hence it is that, whether in Parliament, at the Bar, or in the Pulpit, the greatest and most effective orators have invariably spoken the purest Saxon.

Very truthful is this sketch of

A MAIDEN SPEECH.

You rise. Your heart thumps, your knees tremble, your sight swims, your throat becomes dry, your tongue seems to swell, perhaps even your mind is a chaos of confusion, your thoughts cease to flow, the very shape and subject of your speech escape from your treacherous memory. You see nothing of the upturned faces around, but eyes fixed steadily upon you, and they seem to be multiplied tenfold—eyes on every side—eyes every where. Then that dead silence; never in your life have you heard such a stillness—it is unnatural, appalling; you would give the world for a noise; if one would only cough, or hiss, or talk aloud—anything rather than that ominous hush. But vain the wish. The silence is within yourself. Your nerves are paralyzed, you cannot hear better than you can see. In the absorbing anxiety of that moment the only sound that makes itself audible to you is that of your own voice, and that seems louder than ever before; it is echoed from each wall; the husky whisper of your dry and swollen lips is to you like the voice of a trumpet.

And like a trumpet let it be your summons to the strife. The worst part of your trial is over. You have taken your resolution, made the first plunge, endured the first shock, dared to stand upon your feet and open your lips, and now your task is comparatively easy. *You have only to speak on.*

You will stumble, you will hesitate, you will halt even; thoughts will flow faster than words, and words will come without thoughts; ideas will trip up each other's heels, and in the *mêlée* you will seize upon them out of their places, producing the last first and first last, and throwing your speech into the most admirable disorder. You will sin against all the laws of grammar; there will be no respect for gender, or number or the rules of *Murray*. Sentences begun will never come to an end; interminable parentheses will land you at the opposite argument from that with which you started. You will be teased by tautologies; your intended order

of discourse, however skilfully framed, will be forgotten, and you will find yourself "in wandering mazes lost."

No matter. Go on. Say anything, however nonsensical or ungrammatical, rather than pause to cast about for something better, or resume your seat in the silence of confessed incapacity. In the first place, if you permit yourself to be defeated now, you will scarcely again find courage to endure the same ordeal, with the memory of the former failure added to the same difficulties as then oppressed you. But there is another reason for proceeding. Nothing is so painful and annoying to an audience as hesitation, pauses, recalling of words and such like signs of perplexity in a speaker. Nothing is more generally approved than facility of discourse. By nine persons out of ten, a fluently delivered speech will be preferred to one hesitatingly delivered, even if the latter be full of wisdom, and the former the mere froth of words.

In a different strain is

A TEMPLE SKETCH.

To the uninitiated, the idea of a *laundress* is that of a lady whose talents are exclusively dedicated to the useful art of purifying dirty linen, and who notifies her calling to the world by the inscription, more expressive than elegant, "Mangling done here." But not such is the laundress of Templar contemplation. The abstract idea of that personage is to him the form of a very plain woman, descending into the vale of life, with very dirty face and hands, and apron to match, having considerable fluency of speech, a resolute tone, a forward manner, busy and bustling, who comes and goes when she pleases, and without any apparent object puts his room "tidy," as she terms it, or throws it into confusion, according to his notions; lights the fire, lays the breakfast, removes it, brings his tea, leaving him to put it aside for himself; and as she bars his window, wishes him a good night, with a manner that indicates something like a motherly interest in his well-being, and for which, because it reminds him of his boyhood's home, he blesses her in his heart, and forgives her besom and her chatter. But if he chances to be ill, her woman's nature is forthwith displayed; no murmurings then: she is as kind, and tender, and watchful, as if he were her own son; looks in half-a-dozen times a day to see if she can do anything for him; bakes his toast, and makes his tea, and moves about on tiptoe, and procures of her own thoughtfulness little delicacies, and advises him not to work so hard, and even hints how much better it would be for him if he were to marry and leave those solitary chambers, and ventures a comparison between the lot of her master and that of her good man at home, much to the disadvantage of the former. Such, in the natural history of the Temple, is the *Laundress*.

Here is a picture of

THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

Peculiar as in every thing beside in this life in the Temple which we have been describing,—peculiar in its dwellings, in its social character, in its pursuits, in its external as well as in its internal aspect, in its hall dinners, its strange old customs and formalities,—it is not less peculiar in its observance of the grand and solemn rites of religion. It has within its precincts a structure, dedicated to God, such as in all Europe there is not the like of in beauty. It has been handed down to the Benchers of the Temple as a splendid relic of the taste and munificence of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, whose mansions they have inherited, and worthily the sacred trust has been discharged. No cost has been spared in its preservation and renovation, and here it stands now, fresh as in the days of its youth, the pride of our sober community. You enter, and at once your thoughts are carried back through centuries to the days when those graceful aisles echoed to the tramp of iron heels, and those slender arches trembled with the clank of arms, as the warrior-worshippers knelt before the emblems of their faith. And there they are, still lying upon that pavement, those marble knights, with their crossed legs and their forms, scarcely touched by time, looking up to heaven as fixedly as they have looked for centuries; and that fine old organ makes the solid pavement shake as with subterranean thunder; and the services are chanted cathedral-like, and glorious anthems are sung gloriously, and through the painted windows the light falls holly and richly toned; and the altar is emblazoned after its ancient fashion; and the walls and the ceiling show many colours, that blend into a delicious unity of hue that fills the mind with a sense of satisfaction; and the Benchers and the Barristers take their allotted places, and the Students theirs, with that recognition of rank which prevails throughout the Profession of the Law, and other seats are reserved exclusively for ladies who are permitted to be present if they accompany a Barrister or have a Bencher's order, and in this magnificent Temple of the Templars is the worship of God conducted after the most impressive and most solemn

fashion of the English Church, and with an earnestness of devotion such as is not always seen in its churches. The spirit of the place sheds its influence upon the worshippers.

These are some

REFLECTIONS AFTER THE CALL.

And bethink you also of the solemnity of the task you have undertaken. What vast interests are to be committed to your hands and made dependent upon your single skill and judgment, to be exercised often in an instant, with only your sagacity to determine your choice, and yet upon that choice depending the issues of life or death, prosperity or ruin. How serious the responsibility incurred even in the defence of a prisoner on a petty charge!—his liberty for months or years—his character for ever—the desolation of his home—the ruin of his children; still more, where life is at stake, and it is upon your tact, and skill, and competency to the task, that it depends whether a fellow-creature shall die or live. Second only to these in importance are the properties that will be confided to your care:—the fortunes of families; hereditary honours; legitimacy; the vindication of public or of private character; the protection of the weak against the strong; of the poor against the rich; of the oppressed against the oppressor; the maintenance of right; the disappointment of wrong; all these will be of the duties that devolve upon you by virtue of your office as an Advocate.

Scarcely need you be reminded that such duties and responsibilities will demand on your part uncommon capacities; great self-control; much courage to resist as well as to dare; stern rectitude; a fine sense of honour; a lofty morality; a profound sentiment of religion; a large Christian charity; a generous ambition; a noble disinterestedness,—an ever present consciousness of responsibility to Heaven for the talents that have been given to you, and to your fellow-men for the right use of the privileges with which they have entrusted you. So many and such various qualifications are required for the Advocate, so high is the standard of his acquirements, so much of natural ability and so much of cultivation are essential to his success;—when that success is attained, he has so much to do, and so much to shun, so many are his duties, so frequent the occasions for the exercise of his virtues, so countless the forms in which his capacities are tried, that of his own strength he cannot hope to come with credit out of the ordeal. He must turn for assistance to Him who alone is a very present help in time of trouble, and bending before the throne of Heaven he will find confidence in his humility, and strength in his confession of weakness.

Be it, then, your care, on this the first evening of your call to an office at once so important, so difficult, and so perilous, to kneel down there, in your solitary chamber, and offer up a fervent prayer to Heaven for strength from on high to enable you to comprehend the rights and duties you have undertaken; for wisdom and virtue to maintain the one and discharge the other manfully and fitly, to the glory of God, and for the good of your fellow-creatures.

The influence of that solemn prayer will assuredly be upon you through all your after-life; it will be present in the time of temptation and in the hour of trial; it will strengthen you in your toils; give you courage when you feel your heart failing you; nerve you to the combat; conduct you to victory and crown you with the honours to which it should be your worthy ambition to aim, as the earthly reward of your industry, your perseverance, your self-control, your experience, and your virtue.

And in this manner are directions given for

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

A sober quietness, an expression of good temper, a certain *friendliness* of look and manner, which will be understood, although it cannot be described, should distinguish you when you rise for the cross-examination of a witness, the truth of whose testimony you are going to try, not by the vulgar arts of brow-beating, misrepresenting, insulting, and frightening into contradictions, but by the more fair, more honourable, and more successful, if more difficult, method of showing him to be *mistaken*. You must begin with conciliation; you must remove the fear which the most truthful witness feels when about to be subjected to the ordeal of cross-examination. Let him understand, as soon as possible, that you are not going to insult him, or to entrap him into falsehood, or to take unfair advantages of him; that you have confidence in his desire to tell the truth and all the truth, and that your object is to ascertain the precise limits of positive truth in the story he has told.

Proceed very gently, and only, as it were with the fringe of the case, until you see that the witness is reassured, and that a good understanding has been established between you, to which a smiling question

that elicits a smiling answer will be found materially to contribute. A witness, who stubbornly resists every other advance on the part of the Advocate, will often yield at once to a good-humoured remark that compels the lip to curl. This point gained, you may at once proceed to your object.

The other purposes of cross-examination have been previously explained. We are now considering only what is to be done when the design is to *discredit* the testimony, not by discrediting the *witness*, but by showing that he is *mistaken*; that he has been *himself* deceived. Now, the way to do this is by closely inquiring into the *sources of his knowledge*; and here it is that so much analytical skill, so intimate an acquaintance with mind and its operations, is demanded on your part, in order that you may avert resistance to your inquiries on the part of the witness.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to inform you that it is useless to put to a witness directly the question, if he is sure that the fact was as he has stated it. He will only be the more positive. No witness will ever admit that he *could* have been mistaken. This is shown remarkably in cases where personal identity is in question. Everybody admits that there is nothing upon which all persons are so often mistaken; yet is there nothing upon which witnesses are more positive, and that positiveness is continually influencing inconsiderate juries to erroneous verdicts, as the records of our criminal law painfully prove; for, of the wrongful convictions, fully one-half have been cases of mistaken identity, in which witnesses have been too positive, and juries too confiding, in a matter which their own daily experience should satisfy them to be of all others the most dubious and unsatisfactory. Instead, therefore, of asking the witness whether he might not be mistaken, you should proceed at once to discover the probabilities of mistake, by tracing the sources of his knowledge, and by eliciting all the circumstances, internal and external, under which it was formed. It is in this operation that the faculties of the great Advocate are displayed; this it is that calls into play his acquaintance with mental physiology, his experience of men and things, and in which he exhibits his infinite superiority over the imperfectly educated and the inexperienced.

A GERMAN author has prepared a new version of *The Story of Reynard the Fox*, and it is published in large quarto by Messrs. ORR, who have furnished it with numerous spirited lithograph illustrations. Perhaps this ancient and honoured story never appeared in fitter clothing than now. The adapter is very learned on the subject of its origin; but all he can effect is to trace its existence to the close of the fifteenth century, when it simultaneously appeared in several countries, and in each are signs that it was a translation.—The rich and passionate, and instructive anthology of the Greeks, as it was collected by CONSTANTINE CEPHALAS, and MAXIMUS PLAUNDES, has found a careful preserver in Mr. BOHN's "Classical Library." Mr. BAUGES, the editor and translator of this volume, has rendered the epigrams in a purely literal form and style, but in each instance he has added some metrical versions by English authors. Hence a most agreeable and valuable book. For students, an index of reference to the originals is added.—In a cheap and portable form, Mr. JUDGE has published *An Abstract of the Passengers' Act of 1852*. It is for the use of emigrants, and gives directions and calculations which they need observe.—Mr. WILLIAM WALTON has written a very painstaking *Sketch of the River Ebro*, showing its course through Spain until its discharge into the Mediterranean Sea. The work seems to have some bearing on the scheme of the Ebro Canalization Company, though we can hardly say in what.—*A Letter on the Genuineness of the Writings ascribed to Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage*, is addressed to the Rev. S. R. MAITLAND, D.D., by the Rev. J. E. SHEPHERD, of Luddesdown. Mr. SHEPHERD regards the Cyprian writings as forgeries, and adduces much circumstantial evidence to justify his position.—*A Refutation of some of the Principal Misstatements in Gorge's defence of himself and his Actions*, appears at an opportune moment. Mr. KMETZ barely more than glances at GORGE's volumes, but in that glance he detects enough to convict the author of misstatement, and as a general, of gross duplicity.—"An old woman of Eighty" has jotted down the various occurrences throughout her life which have most tried her temper, and she endeavours to show us *how* she succeeded in keeping her disposition sweet and unruffled. The first fifty pages only of her *jottings* are published, and we cannot say they are sufficiently interesting to justify us in encouraging her to go on with her little work.

The Indian papers arrived by the last mail state that medical men have observed during seasons when epidemic cholera prevails, the magnet is much affected, losing much of its power, and its polarity checked.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

TIME: An autumn afternoon of 1852. SCENE: Berlin; "Unter den Linden." The Critic and Mr. Thomas Carlyle come unexpectedly upon each other, and testify to a mutual recognition by dignified gestures of subdued surprise.

Carlyle.—How are you, Sir? What has brought you here? Oh! I don't need to ask that. The universal nomadic tendency of man in this age, that seems to send him gadding and roaming and rambling, with perpetually restless, never-satiated hunger after novelty, in steam-boats, railway-carriages, all conceivable kinds of vehicle and conveyance, wherever there is anything new to be seen, or felt, or even to be eaten and masticated, and thrust down into his stomach. Ah me! it is very sad! I often say to myself, when I look upon it in calm moments, and consider the whole perilous influences and insane out-come of it, I often say to myself:—My poor friends, vehiculating there in your gigs, and shuttling along in your railway-carriages, and tumbled about in steam-boats, oppressed with infinite nausea, till you are almost tempted to ask Death himself to come and deliver you out of it all, my poor friends, I feel often tempted to say, you had far better have stayed at home by your own firesides, pursuing your employments, looking out on the daily earth and sky, and streets, and shops even, and familiar faces that you are accustomed to—what in the world brings you here? The Palais Royal and high-spiced dishes? I tell you, Sir, the Palais Royal and high-spiced dishes will afford you but a very slight and poor and transient, and, in fact, contemptible enjoyment. The Palais Royal and spicy dishes will, in the long run, bring you infinite dyspepsia, and darken earth and heaven for you—not to speak of the doctor's bills. Then they go to Rome, the Eternal City, as they call it, the chosen abode of the most despicable quack that the earth at this present moment holds—they see nothing of the quackery, however, or at least, like poor miserable creatures as they are, they shut their eyes upon the whole quackery of the concern, and get up a kind of factitious enjoyment, which means real ennui and weariness, gazing at statues, and pictures, and frescoes, to all of which they have no real or genial relation.—Ah me! And then there are others, real brave and stout men, too, that go away hunting after something they call the North West Passage, and they are lost and cannot be found, and exploring expeditions are fitted out at an expense that would set the pauperism of Middlesex to work, and the newspapers are filled full of mendacious, absurd, and contradictory rumours that carry their parentage, that of the father of lies upon the face of them, and people even come boring you to subscribe a guinea, which I for one never do give, and stoutly shall refuse to give to any such preposterous enterprise as seeking a handful of men at the North Pole that deserve to perish for their folly in ever going there—really people are very mad in this age!—After all, what can they do,—poor fellows? It is a sad residence England, at this day of ours, to any earnest man, or even to any man with real energy and impulse in him slightly above that of the beaver, who seems to be the model-entity of England now, and its absurd Cobdens and Brights, whose reign, I rather suspect, however, is drawing to a close, perhaps faster than they imagine. And after all, too, the poor fellows get a change of air and scene that often does them good, perhaps, and they go away back a little refreshed, it may be, to the grinding competition of their shops, and dark, dim pestiferous counting-houses, and absurd noisy law-courts, and to me most wearisome Parliamentary janglings and palaverings and debating. On the whole, perhaps, they cannot well do otherwise than they do, and depart almost anywhere, even to the North Pole, to get away from all that!

Critic.—I perceive, Sir, from various paragraphs in various German publications, that you are said to be engaged in collecting material for a Biography of Frederick the Great; and that it is with this view that you yourself have become a partial Nomad, and exchanged a residence in London for a residence in Berlin. To many English readers, Sir, of your works, and admirers of your literary genius, it is of some importance to know whether you contemplate such an enterprise, and I should

be happy, Sir, to be the medium of conveying to the English public authentic information on this interesting point.

Carlyle.—I am reading about him, I am reading about him; you may tell them that, if you like. Yes! Fritz was a great man, perhaps, after all, the really greatest European man in the practical department of things that we have had amongst us since Oliver Cromwell's time. And a very different kind of greatness, too, was Fritz's from Oliver's; a kind of lean, rigid, almost hero-as-drill-serjeant sort of greatness, but a decided hero in his way, not a god-like, but a king-like and man-like one, just the sort of figure to do the work he did to in his place and age. A species of cloud has rested on Fritz's memory in England and France, chiefly put over him by babbling purblind essayists and historians, and biographers who have listened to and pinned their faith upon Voltaire's absurd and intrinsically wicked version of him and his life and character. After all, it is they and the like of them that are the cause of almost every perversion and useless controversy in this universe—men who look without insight, and speak without wisdom—men who talk to you about Pericles and Epaminondas, and obsolete ethnic heroisms, and shut up young men in colleges and universities to study Greek, and when they have left the colleges and universities, off they go, very naturally, to Athens and poor King Otho, and write books about the archaeologies of the region, and come home and get them reviewed, Sir, and probably proceed to some other still more fatal absurdity; a taste for the absurd having been carefully and assiduously cultivated in them, from their tender nails, as Horace says. The truth I solemnly believe, and will deliberately assert to be this;—that Frederick had real faculty and stuff in him to equip a dozen of your Plutarch's Greeks; and he possessed the inestimable advantage for us of belonging to an age and country exceedingly like our own, and his heroism can be a kind of example to us, which is more than can be said of most of Plutarch's Greeks or Romans either. A man with all the accredited heroic human qualities of Aristides or Pericles, or Epaminondas, and born in an age and country extremely like our own, filled full of all manner of shams, lies, obstructive despicabilities, threatened at every moment to be submerged by infinite mud-oceans of falsehood and brutal hypocrisy, and who was not conquered by them, but did conquer them—built, so to speak, a triumphal chariot out of the world-barricades raised to oppose him, and did ride in it, almost to the Gods! This Berlin, this Prussia, peculiar, strong, invincible, that will play a great part in European affairs—he made them, he made it, almost every inch of them; as Wren's epitaph says—*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice!* And I come here to contemplate him and his real fruitful solid work, instead of rushing off, like these absurd ape-like dilettantes, to gaze on frescoes and pictures, and the "mummeries of superstition," as little Lord Johnny said, or the blue Symplegades, or Venice, where rows the silent gondolier? What do I care about the gondolier? What is the gondolier to me? His silence is probably a real benefit to his neighbours and to himself. Would that nine out of every ten, I say, of the literary men of Europe and the world would follow the gondolier's example. Far from poetically bewailing such a consummation, I would most heartily, in my most prophetic dialect, welcome it as a right blessed deliverance from infinite babble, which Europe will yet have to put a stop to altogether, if she is not to rush over into bottomless unfathomable abysses of accursed chaotic anarchy and miserable beggarly permanence of everlasting, prospectless, hopeless woe, and utter, entire, definite, unmitigated, and unmitigable execrability and sheer damnability!

Critic.—This city, Sir, the creation of your hero, is no great shakes in an architectural point of view, but on the other hand, to the literary stranger, it presents the *agréments* of much valuable, intellectual society. I have already had the pleasure of conversing, though for ten minutes only, with the venerable Tieck, and hope soon to spend an evening in the society of the eminent and philosophical Schelling. To you, Sir, who have done so much to forward the cultivation of German Literature in England, to you, no doubt,

the doors of the various literary notabilities of Berlin have opened wide at the mention of your celebrated name, and you have already received from Tieck and from Schelling the cordial welcome due to the most illustrious of their British expositors.

Carlyle.—Yes! I have talked with both of them—Tieck, a genial, nobly-gifted man, with almost the finest head I ever saw. Schelling is a high, abstruse, speculative personage, who mounts quite out of sight in his talk occasionally. Very curious about England, both of them are; they dimly feel and see what there is of greatness in inarticulate practical England, in spite of her rather rude, and on the whole, perhaps, not altogether justifiable rejection of them and their airy poetics and metaphysics. Curious figures both, extremely interesting to me, these two *ultimi Romanorum*. Very unlike any literary phenomena we have, or ever shall have, probably, in England. On the whole, I consider English authorship, as it is at present, to be the beggarliest, basest, meanest, ugliest, at once most detestable and most contemptible phasis of a form of activity that probably will never again in this world, have attached to it an atom of the dignity and sacredness that have attached to it in some, certainly, extremely rare ages and regions. What with their Paternoster-row books and quarterly reviews, and monthly magazines, and infinitude of cheap journals, and huge broad newspapers, there has been no such vociferous, aimless, infinitely controversial confusion since Babel, and these fellows have not even, and never had in their heads or thoughts, the scheme of a tower of any kind, however absurd, impracticable or insane. I often say that life among literary people in London is like pilgriming through a big universe of hawkers, each bawling at the top of his voice and not an article or item of any kind of ware or commodity has any one of them to offer you when you come forward and ask for a sight of his goods. A universe of bawling hawkers, and not a pinch of snuff even among them to dispose of! On the whole, I have given up reading contemporary books and newspapers, as entirely inane and unprofitable trash, and would as soon think of sitting down to a dinner of boiled peas cods, as of expecting any nourishment from the kind of stuff that Paternoster-row offers you, and has the impudence to ask you for hard cash in return. Mere crackling of thorns beneath the pot, and the thorns are fast going out, and the pot, it is becoming evident to all men that concern themselves about the matter, cannot be made to boil by any such contemptible species of fuel; and I expect, and indeed I hope, that your whole branch of activity will soon be utterly stagnant, and finally be drained off as an intolerable nuisance; and that the ground it covers may produce something better than miscellaneous stench, tormenting rheums, perilous fevers and agues, and deadly fatal malarias, that are fast killing the minds and souls of nine out of every ten of the population of the Literary World as they call it.

Critic.—You have a perfect right, Sir, so entertain this or any opinion of our literature. But it strikes me, as rather inconsistent with the notions which you have just expressed, that you should yourself be now returning to an arena on which you pronounce so sweeping a condemnation. I would further observe—

Carlyle.—Aye! Yes! How are you getting on? I generally give a glance at your publication, when it happens to fall in my way. Bacon talks of *lumen siccum*—dry light—well, to my organs of sight, there is a kind of dry dusk envelopes the whole literary region, and any little glimmer of light is welcome. There is always something ingenious or lively in THE CRITIC; I must say that for it. That seems to be a brisk lad, with a kind of impetus in him—Herodotus Smith is the name of him—that writes sketches of periodicals and newspapers, and that sort of thing. In a strange book I once wrote, called *Sartor Resartus*, I made a German Professor, who was the hero of it, say he understood there was extant a history of the British press, which had for title, "Satan's Invisible World Displayed." Ha! Ha! To Smith, however, that region seems invested with a certain vague, attractive splendour, as if he would like to take up his residence in it, which I would by no means advise him to do. Then you have a

less vivid man, who is sometimes worth looking at—Pat Grave, he calls himself, or Jack Grave—

Critic.—Sir, his baptismal name is Frank. *Carlyle.*—Aye! Pat, or Jack, or Frank. And there is, too, an eloquent writer, who signs himself Apollodorus, and who seems in a state of great and constant antagonism to me, which is a pity in its way. I daresay we agree in fundamentals, although our dialects may differ. The man Atticus, too,—he has a certain high heroism of thought and tendency about him—and decided noble radiance and polish of diction. Well! it is my dinner-hour. Good-bye to you! Go on and prosper!

MR. O. MARCUS, the active foreign bookseller of 8, Oxford-street, sends us a parcel of German works which, from the nature of their subjects, scarcely admit of the lengthened notice which might be due to the ability displayed in them. Two of them are scientific; ERDMANN's *Psychological Letters* ("Psychologische Briefe") and MOLESCHOTT's *Life in its cyclical progress* ("Der Kreislauf des Lebens.") ERDMANN is a Professor of Philosophy at the University of Halle, and his letters, addressed to an unscientific friend, are meant to give a popular and entertaining exposition of the physiological views which he has formed in the course of his meditations and researches. He seems to us to have succeeded very fairly in combining German depth with French clearness and vivacity, and some of the chapters of the work, especially those relating to the fair sex, have the charm of the amusing essay. MOLESCHOTT's is, as its title indicates, a much more abstruse work than ERDMANN's, dealing with subtlest questions of anthropology and chemico-physiology. But he too deserves praise for the animated march of his style, and his work being intended for a friendly refutation of the physiology of LIEBIG's *Chemical Letters*, we can confidently recommend it as well worth the attention of our scientific readers. The other two works, for which we are indebted to Mr. MARCUS, are historical and biographical respectively. The title of ALEXANDER FLEGLER's *Kingdom of the Lombards in Italy* ("Das Königreich der Longobarden in Italien"), almost explains itself. The author composed it by way of opening lecture to a historical course delivered by him before the pupils of the High School of ZÜRICH, and it throws full light on an interesting and hitherto rather obscure period of the history of Northern Italy. Dr. FESSLER's *Retrospect of a Life-Pilgrimage of Seventy Years* ("Dr. F.'s Rückblicke auf seine siebenzig-jährige Pilgerschaft") is a posthumous autobiographical work, edited by Professor BULAU, and which has reached a second edition. A genial, gossiping narrative of the life of a German clergyman, it gives a series of interesting glimpses into the ecclesiastical existence of Germany.

MADAME EUGENE D'HAUTEFILLE's *Political and Literary Miscellanies* ("Mélanges Politiques et Littéraires," Bayeux; Leon Verel,) next claim a brief attention. MADAME D'HAUTEFILLE is a lady of Montpellier, a town famous for its general cultivation, and she writes with grace and eloquence, principally on topics of philanthropic politics, her chief essay in the present volume being a feeling plaidoyer for the abolition of capital punishments. *The Diplomatic and Military Correspondence of the Duke of Marlborough, the Grand-Pensionary Heinsius, and the Treasurer-General of the United Provinces, Jacques Hop* ("Correspondance Diplomatique et Militaire," etc. Amsterdam, J. F. Schleiger), is a contribution to the history of Europe and the biography of our great General, for which we are indebted to the editorial care of Herr G. G. Vreede, Professor of the Law of Nations at the University of Utrecht.

An Austrian Veteran's Reminiscences of the Italian War of the Years 1848 and 1849 ("Erinnerungen eines österreichischen Veteranen," &c. Stuttgart und Tübingen: J. G. Cotta. London: D. Nutt), are now at last before us. From the pen, as is understood, of General SCHÖNHALS, an aide-de-camp and trusted intimate of Marshal RADETSKY, this work has produced an immense sensation in Germany, and has gone through five editions in as many weeks. We must confess that, after having heard so much of it, we have read it with a good deal of disappointment. That it should be written from an Austrian point of view—that it should treat the Italianist revolutionists as rebels, was, of course, to be expected; but, in a literary point of view, we had looked for something more interesting than a minute chronicle of strategic details. To a literary critic, the best part of the work lies in the introductory chapters, which are forcibly and finely written, containing a rapid summary of Italian vicissitude up to the French revolution of February, 1848. From these we select one or two characteristic extracts:

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS.

From the summit of the Alps down to the fabulous shores of Scylla and Charybdis, stretches the land which is rightly

designated the Garden of Europe. Great is the extent of its coasts, numerous are the havens in which the bold mariner finds a safe refuge in the tempest. From the German oak to the Oriental palm, its favoured climate brings forth every product of vegetation. Great and populous cities, surrounded by modern fortifications or mediaeval battlements, cover the country, which is, on that very account, so well suited to be the hearth of Revolution. Often does a four-fold harvest reward the diligence of the cultivator, and the Italian is diligent and laborious, in spite of the foolish prejudice to the contrary which the Northern so frequently harbours against him. He who, like ourselves, has had an opportunity of seeing the Italian peasant, with unwearied diligence, toiling at his little bit of ground from sun-rise, onward despite its noon-tide ray, to sun-set,—he will acquit the Italian of the sin of indolence. If the Italian bask away in the rays of his hot sun the time which the Northern spends in dozing beside his fire, the former is, on that account, as little deserving of the reproach of indolence as the latter. Wherever there are great and populous cities there are indolent men. It is so in Italy, it is so everywhere.

A finely-formed, finely-endowed race of men inhabits this land, distinguished, however, more by the gifts of imagination than by intellectual depth. On that account, too, is it the cradle of the fine arts; yet it is not wanting in the production of deep thinkers, of men of colossal soul. Napoleon, too, was a son of this race. Of such a man, every nation will be proud, and therefore it is that France claims him for her own. But, in his whole nature, in his whole character, Napoleon was an Italian. Of what we call chivalry, of that which so advantageously distinguishes the French character, Napoleon possessed not a particle; on the other hand, he would have occupied a noble place in the line of Rome's great Caesars. Among the Francisces, the Henries and the Louises, he is a stranger.

RADETSKY.

When he stepped into the command of the Italian army, Radetzky had already entered his seventy-first year, an age when the powers of most men begin to fail, and they are seized on by a longing for repose. But he still combined the powers of youth with a sleepless activity, freshness of intellect, and happy insight into the relations of things, that never allowed him a moment's hesitation. The strong, the weak side of the Austrian army were alike known to him; the former he tried to improve, the latter to exalt; and whatever the obstructions, whatever the difficulties that opposed themselves to his efforts, nothing bewildered, nothing daunted him. The time came when he was to reap what he had sown. One great merit, for which he should be praised, during the peaceful period of his command, and which we must here specially celebrate, was the energy with which he pushed forward the fortification of Verona, a matter he was much resisted in. It is a part of the rare good fortune that has accompanied this man, that he was destined himself to enjoy the great and beneficent results which at that time were merely promised him in theory from this bulwark of our Italian domination. In Verona it was that he collected and organized his scattered forces; from Verona he marched forth to victory over Charles Albert; it was from Verona that he reconquered Italy.

MAZZINI: THE TWO REVOLUTIONARY SCHEMES.

Mazzini, the High Priest of the Revolution, gradually came to see that isolated and partial insurrectionary movements could never make head against the power of Austria, that this power always would and could annihilate them, he therefore changed his whole system of tactics. If the union of Italy, under one head or one political form, was to become possible, the whole force of attack should be concentrated against Austria alone, and for this purpose all Italy should be united by a single thought. The execution of this large project, which we ascribe to the inventive head of Mazzini alone, required time, money, and favourable circumstances. The one he found in the purses of his countrymen, the other in the fall of Louis Philippe. There were at that time two political parties in Italy, who sought to attain the union and liberation (as they called it) of their country in two very different ways. The one, with the dreamer Grobetti for its leader, wished for a kind of federal union, with the Pope for its head; the other, if not the stronger, at least the more sagacious, was led by Mazzini. His system was simply the overturn of all Italian governments, and the substitution in their stead of a powerful republic; and from the grandeur of its reminiscences he pitched upon the restoration of the Roman republic. Mazzini stood in the most intimate connexion with the democratic leaders in all the countries of Europe; he had his dear friends in Pesth, in Prague, in Vienna, in Berlin, as in Paris and in London. He began to make himself a real European power. We have seen him go the length of seriously disturbing a powerful ministry in proud England herself. This man has not yet played out his part; let governments keep an eye upon his movements. We consider him one of the most important enemies that legal order has ever had.

FRANCE.

Statistique de l'Industrie à Paris, résultant de l'enquête faite par la Chambre de Commerce pour les années 1847 et 1848. Guillaumein. Paris. [Statistics of Labour in Paris. Result of enquiries pursued by the Chamber of Commerce for the years 1847 and 1848.]

A QUARTO volume of 1006 pages, in itself a product and a proof of human industry, devoted, at the instance of the Chamber of Commerce, to a detail of researches made under its auspices, and full of information both to the student and philosopher in social science. The work truly merits the name of an enterprise, and has been before attempted upon several occasions, at the desire of Government, with more or less, but never with complete, success. To procure material for the present volume, 32,000 houses were visited and examined; and 65,000 individuals, masters in their degree of some kind of industrial establishment, furnished answers to the questions relative to their peculiar callings. Nor did this task include all the labour required and bestowed: the 65,000

reports, obtained through various agents, had to be weighed, authenticated, and reduced to order; and the total expense of preparation, without the impression of the work, amounted to 76,400 francs—a moderate sum, considering the nature of the undertaking. A similar census, recently effected in the United States, cost eight millions of francs.

M. HORACE SAY, assisted by MM. NATALIS, ROUDOT, and LEON SAY, conducted the execution of this enterprise, and M. LEGENTIL presided over the committee of enquiry acting under their superintendence. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the conclusions of such men, drawn from the multitude of facts and figures submitted to their notice, would tend to support the interests of peace and rally to the cause of order. Almost every branch of manufacture can boast a representative at Paris, and the classification is reduced under three hundred and forty-five heads of chapters, of which, however, the greater number are again subdivided. In this reckoning are omitted certain trades where the operation depends upon household industry, or is simply confined to selling, such, for example, as tavern-keepers or grocers.

It is observed, as characteristic of the industrial population of Paris, that each workman, aspiring to become independent, tends greatly to divide the direction of labour. There are many masters who work with one or two apprentices, or even alone. Out of 64,816, only 7,117 employed more than ten workmen; 25,116 from two to ten; and 32,538 masters, more than half the number enumerated, employed one, or dispensed with assistance: thus the total, 64,816 masters, commanded 342,530 men. Associations of workmen are numerous in Paris, and the effect appears generally beneficial. It would seem the state of morality amongst the labouring population has been regarded with satisfaction by the censors of the Chamber of Commerce, notwithstanding a growing disposition to depart from habits of sobriety, particularly manifest where labour is carried on in damp localities, or under the influence of excessive heat. Amongst bakers, for example, the morning glass of white wine forms part of the stipulated salary, and the poor women whose occupation is to wash linen in the river, receive a glass of brandy, nor are contented always with that allowance. The wilful idleness of Monday is a practice with too many artisans, equally to be regretted:

Sunday is considered by the workman a day belonging to the family, Monday to his associates. It is then he spends most money, and to be unemployed on that day is the object of his warmest desire.

In some cases, but happily these are exceptions, a feeling of hostility exists between the masters and their men, and an instance is cited where a private regulation amongst workmen actually binds them not to perform any act of civility to their employer beyond what their engagement strictly compels them.

The total value of the products of Parisian industry is calculated at 1,500,000,000 francs; we cannot enter into analysis of the detail, but copy a few figures that will give some idea of the relative proportion in value and amount of the different manufactures, especially in the articles of taste and fashion for which our neighbours are famous; for example, jewellers and goldsmiths are set down as working to the value of 102,000,000f.; tailors, 81,000,000f.; shoemakers, 43,000,000f.; coachmakers, 19,000,000f.; workers in bronze, 18,000,000f.; printers, 23,000,000f.; gloves (kid), 14,000,000f.; modistes, 12,000,000f.; pianoforte makers, 11,000,000f.; artificial flower makers, 11,000,000f.; shawl manufacturers, 10,000,000f.; wax figure making, however insignificant the business may appear, produces no less than 135,200f. Amongst the exportations from France, which constitute a small proportion of the articles sent from Paris to various parts, including France, we find the produce of the fashions estimated at 2,647,000f.; men's hats, 1,219,000f.; umbrellas and parasols, 1,600,000f. Paris, however, is in danger of becoming deserted by the considerable mechanical and metallurgic manufacturers, as well as by the cotton manufacturers and others of common fabrics, such as counterpanes, &c. In 1813, Paris possessed forty-four establishments for cotton spinning; in 1821 the number rose to sixty-seven; and in 1847 only twelve continued to subsist, producing to the sum of 2,815,000f. The dearthness of living at Paris, to which in some degree must be proportioned the workmen's salary, combined with the

expense of fuel, partly explain this circumstance. Two instances will suffice to give an idea of the quantity of provisions consumed in Paris. The trade of the butcher is valued at 75,000,000f.; united to that of the pork butcher, 91,000,000f.; the bakers and pastry cooks are 72,000,000f. and a half.

We are obliged to omit the notice of many subjects included in the statistics, but must find room and terminate with an important item of accounts, namely, the expense of a revolution. The year 1847, say the authors of this work, was visited by a scarcity severely felt throughout the labouring population, and seriously affecting the revenue; yet, under this disadvantage, the produce of Parisian industry reached a sum of 1,463,628,000 francs. In the year of political troubles, 1848, the sum fell at once to six hundred and seventy-millions five hundred and twenty-four thousand francs; the loss amounts to seven hundred and eighty-seven millions, 54 per cent. The workmen employed in 1847 received 343,000 francs; in 1848 but 186,000, a corresponding reduction of 54 per cent. The trades most injured were those connected with metals, furniture, and building. We refer our readers to the statistics for further information, and to their own reflections for the sense of these figures.

ITALY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Pompeii, September 4.

THE impressions received among the marvels of antiquity here are so many and so deep, that to record them with fidelity, the pen should, like the pencil, be used on the spot. On the evening of my arrival, shortly before sunset, I did not proceed at once to the disinterred city, but found enough to occupy the remaining hours of daylight in observing the scenery around. It may seem rather jarring against classic remembrances to be brought by steam to the station of Pompeii, but one soon loses sight of all railway-details, and proceeding along the high road to Salerno, arrives in a few minutes at a neat white-washed little inn (the Corona di Ferro), with three terraces, like steps rising above each other, formed by its flat roof in the Oriental style, common to country houses of these parts. There is a repose and solemnity in the scenery around Pompeii in harmony with the thoughts that naturally crowd the mind in such a neighbourhood. On one side lies an extent of perfectly level country over which the sea flowed prior to the great eruption, vineyards, orchards, and fields of grain now occupying its place; the Gulf of Naples is seen beyond, and in the hollow of one of its creeks a long line of white buildings (the town of Castellamare) on the beach, a chain of mountains, lofty and precipitous, but almost entirely clothed by ancient woods, receding in bold headlands along the coast towards Sorrento, and on the inland side extending in more soft and gracefully varied outlines towards the valley of Nocera, where they bound the landscape at the south-east. On the opposite side of the high-road, looking from the Inn, we see nothing but steep banks, closely overgrown with poplars and willows, which are in fact a rampart formed by the volcanic masses thrown up in the work of excavation around almost the whole extent of the yet exhumed ruins; and above the foliage crowning these banks, we discern the great cone of Vesuvius. At a few hundred feet from the high-road, I found myself in a lonely, silent glen, where no human habitation was in sight, an antique well surrounded by masonry on the declivity being the only structure indicating the neighbourhood of man; poplars, interspersed with willows and fig-trees, growing densely on the heights formed by accumulated ashes that shut in on three sides this wild retreat—a fit scene for meditation on the verge of the buried city.

I need not describe what has been described by so many with all the lights that superior antiquarian lore and criticism can bring to the subject, the several streets, theatres, and temples of Pompeii,—but I must notice two spots of unequalled solemnity, the Forum and the Amphitheatre. Nothing can be conceived more mournfully impressive, and at the same time striking for picturesque combinations of ruin, than the Forum, by far the vastest, and in all details most majestic, among the central places of the city; the long files of broken porticoes, the stately vaulted halls of the three Curia at one extremity, and the Temple of Jupiter rising on a lofty flight of steps at the other; the perspective of half-fallen columns in the spacious parallelogram of the Basilica opening from one side; the dismantled triumphal arch and pedestals without their statues; and above these rising in stern grandeur (the only feature of distant landscape brought within view), the height of Vesuvius apparently cloven by a mighty convulsion into two summits, of which that more broken and horrid in its outline (called *Somma*) was the original cone completely rent and *bouleversé*, by the great eruption, the more gracefully undulating height, now separated from this by a rugged ravine, being the actual cone from which the volcanic activity now manifests itself. But in importance as an individual edifice, no less than in preservation, the Amphitheatre surpasses every other

object; the ellipse of the arena is quite perfect, as is a great part of the surrounding terraces in the *cavea* with their *præcinctions*; and when ascending to the highest tier, appropriated for women, you look down upon this circle of ruin, and up to Vesuvius beyond, the sublimity may be said to equal the moral significance and associations of the scene.

All visitors must own to the first impression of triviality and diminutiveness received from the streets, and (with few exceptions) from the houses of Pompeii; and this unmatched illustration of the public and private life of the ancients, strongly confirms our persuasion how totally subordinate was the latter to the former. Within these fairy courts and narrow mostly windowless cells, it is difficult to imagine any centralization of life's occupations, duties, or affections. The *Tablinum* (that seems to have answered to our library or study), and the *Triclinium* (dining-room) are the only apartments that approach the dimensions of what in one of our modern houses would be considered a small parlour. The most splendid residence, that of Diomed, beyond the walls, has a large quadrilateral portico surrounded by chambers sufficiently spacious; but, within the town, the atrium and peristyle (or outer and inner court) with which all houses of any pretension are provided, are in most instances very narrow, though their ruins yet bear traces of the richness, generally more fantastic than tasteful, with which they have been decorated. As to the bedrooms, it is often surprising to find the care expended in painting with the most brilliant tints the entire walls of such narrow, gloomy cells, which a small bed, a toilet table and chair, constructed in the style of modern furniture, would completely fill. Of the upper stories we cannot judge, not one being preserved; but the vaults, which are perfect, and of much extent, in the house of Diomed, form a substructure to the chambers above. The outlines of two human figures, near the spot where eighteen skeletons were found at the entrance to these vaults, are still faintly traceable, like shadowy sketches, on the wall, their attitudes being those of anguish and terror—a strange dim record of "poor humanity's" last conflict—

Struggling in vain with ruthless Destiny.

The house called that "of the Questor," one of the most beautiful and spacious, has the peculiarity of two peristyles, or pillared courts, placed parallel to each other, preserving still several frescoes of beauty on the usual back-ground painted bright red (the favourite and best preserved colour at Pompeii.) The so-called "House of Meleager" also two peristyles, one surrounding a garden with a large fountain in the centre; and the *Triclinium*, opening upon this garden, is the largest room in Pompeii, having at one end a picture of the Judgment of Paris well preserved, but of rude execution.

Though it is the principle adopted by the Neapolitan government to remove from these walls all frescoes that can be so detached with perfect safety (transferring them to the Bourbonic Museum), several are still left within the halls of Pompeii, whose value, as works of art, is of a high order, and the vividness of whose tints, as still presented to us, is often surprising. Amongst these is the small painting of Leda and Tyndareus (Leda presenting to her husband her three infant children in an egg-shell), considered one of the most beautiful productions of ancient art; and which the reader of the *Last Days of Pompeii* will remember as being the favourite *chef d'œuvre* to which Bulwer's *Glaucois* calls the attention of his guests at his very *recherché* entertainment in the *Triclinium*, whose walls it still ornaments. When first discovered, the drapery of Leda was green lined with blue, and that of Tyndareus, black lined with green; but about a month later the robe of Leda became red, that of Tyndareus purple—and thus they remain.

In the *Venereum* of the "House of Sallust" (one of the most splendid) is still left a picture of Diana and Actæon, that ranks among the finest, the figures about life-size and designed with much spirit, particularly that of the terrified Actæon attacked by his dogs.

In a room of the house called that "of the Ductor," is a picture of Neptune wooing the nymph Amymone on the sea shore, also very well designed, and the lady's attitude, withdrawing from her admirer, most expressive; her head-dress high, stiff, and complicated, is the only one, among the female figures, I have observed here, that seems taken from the fashions of the day, as Bulwer describes in the toilet of his coquettish *Julia*.

The "House of the Faun" is one of the finest, and nothing could be more striking than the perspective view as, looking from the entrance of this house, on the principal street, you see through the Vestibule, the Atrium and Peristyle, into a garden with a portico, beyond which soars the outline of Vesuvius above receding lines of half-fallen columns, and others that still retain their capitals of a mixed Corinthian order. Here was found that magnificent Mosaic, the greatest preserved to us from antiquity, of the battle of Alexander and Darius (now in the Bourbonic Museum), and another mosaic of much beauty, a lion's head surrounded with an ornamental border, still remains on the floor of the *Tablinum*.

About three months ago were disinterred two statues, which still remain on the spot, though it is not easy to see them, except through a grating and at some distance, being deposited, with other recently discovered objects, in the Temple of Mercury; they are each about two feet in height, the one representing Silenus, the other

(as the Archaeologists decide) Apollo; the former resembles many other figures of Silenus, and is unmistakable; but the latter is so perfectly beautiful, both in ideal conception and technical finish, that it might be ascribed to a Greek chisel of the highest ability; it reminded me a little of the Belvidere Mercury (at the Vatican), the head being inclined downwards, as in that admirable statue, to receive with godlike benignity the prayers and incense of the suppliant, and (as in the latter also), one hand extended, having apparently held a *patra*, or some other implement, which has disappeared; the other arm is partly enveloped in a chlamys, the only drapery, which hangs gracefully down the back; the attitude is easy and majestic, the countenance noble and gracious, characterized by that beauty proper in an antique art, only to the most beneficent and poetically idealized divinities.

The houses excavated during the last five years have been comparatively few, the more so owing to the long interruption occasioned by the revolution. In 1843 one was partially opened, and has since been abandoned the still unremoved bed of ashes being overgrown with weeds, in a chamber of which is a beautiful little painting of Narcissus gazing at himself in the fountain. A series of houses now called "degli Scienziati," was opened in '46 in presence of the *Sacra*, assembled that year for the Italian Congress at Naples; and in the same year was opened in presence of the Empress of Russia, one containing a great variety of precious objects, all removed to the museum. In '47 one of the most interesting houses yet discovered was brought to light (called that "of Lucretius"), containing a variety of paintings in the Atrium and *Triclinium*, one especially of great merit, representing Hercules crowned with ivy, and seemingly overcome with wine, leaning upon the neck of Atys, whilst Omphale, decorated with the lion's hide, and holding the club of her inebriate lord, gazes on him from one side, a little Eros measures the circumference of the enormous *scyphus*, which the demi-god has drained, and two Bacchantes stand near, one playing with violence on the tympanum. In '49 was opened a house in presence of Pius IX., the first sovereign Pontiff who has ever entered Pompeii, and all the objects found here were presented by the king to his Holiness. Nothing, consequently, is left within these walls of much note, except what could not be removed, namely, a *Turarium*, exactly corresponding to the little shrines for the image of the Madonna and Child, to be seen in almost every street of every Italian city, within which was found a bronze statue of the household-god, and on whose wall still remains, elaborately sculptured in relief in size of life, a coiled serpent surrounded by a garland of foliage, this being a symbol of constant recurrence in Pompeii, but more commonly found in painting than sculpture.

(To be continued.)

ALEXANDER SMITH'S POEMS.—It may be remembered that some weeks past, after quoting an exquisite passage from one of Alexander Smith's poems, we expressed our surprise at no publisher having thought of collecting such remarkable poems into a volume. We are glad to learn that two publishers offered their friendly services, and in consequence we are to see a volume early in next year. Our readers have seen enough of this young poet to feel an eager curiosity about him; and we are frequently asked a variety of questions, on the supposition that we have the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, whereas we must assure our correspondents that all we know of him is limited to the facts of his youth and residence in Glasgow, and his unquestionable genius—which is that of a born singer. Berlioz, in one of his playful tributes to Alboni's incomparable voice, expressed a wish that he were young and handsome, "I would make Alboni love me. I would maltreat her, and after six months of wretchedness, she would be the greatest singer in the world." Is there no cruel fair in Glasgow that can do this for Alexander Smith—ploughing with sorrow the depths of his nature, distending the diapason of his lyre with more impassioned life, filling his verse with

Tears from the depths of some divine despair,

and teaching him the accents that will hereafter be the solace of the wretched; for, as our finest essayist says, "Perhaps the greatest charm of books is that we see in them that other men have suffered what we have. Some souls we ever find who would have responded to all our agony, be it what it may. This at least robs misery of its loneliness." This then is what some woman may do for him, if he be unfortunately fortunate enough. How to look at Nature and see new meanings in her evanescent forms, he can already teach us; how to look at Life and see deep symbols in its vanishing perplexities and inevitable heartaches, can only be taught by one who, like Ulysses, has gained experience through suffering.—*Leader*.

KEESE'S RETORT TO GOWAN.—Mr. Gowan has been among books from his boyhood. He knows when to attend an auction, and what to buy. Many an Irish retort has he dealt to Keesee the auctioneer, who does not every day meet such a match as Gowan, nor always suffer even then. When Keesee was once selling prayer-books, Mr. G., who sat somewhat back in the company, wishing to "put upon" the rattling auctioneer slightly, interrupted the rapid vocalization with—"are they in English?" As quick as gunpowder Keesee replied—"Of course they are; do you suppose a man is going to pray in Irish?"

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.
PHYSICS.

ON THE COMBINATION AND RELATIVE INTENSITY OF DIFFERENT COLOURS.—Of late there have appeared in the pages of *The Philosophical Magazine*, abstracts of various important memoirs occurring in the Transactions of the Scientific Institutions of the continent, which we owe to the industry of Dr. Tyndall, a name which is becoming familiar to those devoted to the pursuit of Natural Philosophy, as indicative of a close and accurate observer, well versed in the questions he debates, and applying himself to our great want of the last of these abstracts is that of some papers of H. W. present age, the Cultivation of pure Science. The Dove's respecting the Stereoscopic Combination of Colours, and of the relative Visibility of various Colours, which pleasantly illustrate many a phenomenon which a man of ordinary observation may daily remark as arresting his attention, but the immediate causes of which have neither been investigated nor known. Passing over the strictly stereoscopic experiments, we find that a fine white line drawn on a black ground, when viewed through glasses coloured respectively red and blue, must be at a greater distance from the eye, when the red glass is used, in order to be plainly visible, than when the blue glass is employed, and this is traced to the difference of the angle of the lines of convergence. Again, who has not been vexed by the glistening surface of varnished pictures, rendering it often impossible to estimate their beauty or merits from any point of view, and in some positions actually obliterating the picture, offering to the eye merely a blank shining surface. The mere glistening effect may be overcome by quenching the polarized rays by a Nicol's prism, but this glistening has its origin in the combination of the rays reflected from the surface of the varnish, and those which pass through the more or less transparent varnish, from the body behind. This shining is increased with the increase of the alternations of the layers or surfaces, thus mica assumes a metallic lustre, and a series of glass plates, the aspect of mother of pearl. The lustre derivable from a mixture of white and black, and the great distinctness of objects composed of their colours, is owing to one of their surfaces appearing in advance of, and, as it were, projected from the other; the capacity of accommodation of the eye for white and black varying at a given distance. Any one may readily convince himself that blue and red are plainly visible at different distances; thus, if a series of parallel white lines be looked at through a screen of blue glass, the observer gradually receding until the white lines run into each other and thus become no longer distinct, and then changes the blue for a screen of red glass, he will find the white lines rendered most distinct again. This affords us an explanation of the observation of Luvini, that in fogs, especially in bright ones, the range of vision is greatly extended if a screen of red glass be placed over the telescope. Most of us have seen little mats, or the like articles in worsted-work, consisting of a red field, spotted with green, which spots appear to oscillate when the mat is rapidly moved hither and thither; still more striking is the effect of a scarlet heart or spot on a blue field; now this seeming motion of the "fluttering heart," Professor Dove explains as follows:—When the mat is moved in its own plane, the heart and ground describe tangents of the same absolute length, but with radii which the eye regards as different. The angular velocities of both thus appear to be different, and hence the object seems to oscillate upon the plane which bears it. The idea that red and yellow approach more nearly to the nature of light than blue, is one which may be traced to the remotest times, a notion corroborated by photometric experiments; but there is one fact which stands out seemingly in complete contradiction to this opinion, and this is, that as daylight fades away, red colours fade as it fades, whilst blue stands out in all its force. The fact of this observation is rendered very evident by some stereoscopic experiments, described by Dove, by which an object is viewed through red and blue glasses respectively, during the advance of twilight, and although at the commencement of the experiments the red image is far the more distinct, yet as the daylight fades, the red becomes weaker and weaker, and finally vanishes altogether, whilst the blue is still distinctly visible and remains so for a quarter of an hour or more after the red image has wholly disappeared. This is accounted for by comparing the vibrations of light producing colour; to those of air, producing sound. Blue is regarded as standing in the same relation to red, that a higher tone does to a deeper one. With blue, the vibrations of the retina are more frequent than with red, as the vibrations of the tympanum are more frequent with a high than with a deep tone. Now it has been proved that the limit of sensibility becomes contracted when the tones become weaker, and this is completely analogous to the case, that by decreasing brightness, the limit of sensibility for the red should become narrower. Hence, with weak illumination, red, as a colour, disappears; while blue, on account of the greater fre-

quency of its vibrations, remains visible much longer. "In this way," observes the Professor, "I explain to myself the wonderful phenomenon, regarding which, however, strange to say, nobody has expressed wonder, that by the weak light of the stars, the blue of the firmament is rendered distinctly visible;" a simple and elegant explanation which almost commands our assent, although based on that quicksand to science, analogy.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.—From time to time, attempts, hitherto fruitless, have been made by enthusiastic inventors, to propel and guide machines floating in air; of which a balloon always forms a part as the means whereby the ascension and floating power of the apparatus is obtained. Latterly these trials have become more frequent, and I am bound to add, attended with more promising results, albeit far removed from that success which would make aerial voyaging either safe or certain. Amongst these adventurers, M. Giffard lately ascended in a machine of his own invention, consisting of an oblong cylinder 120 feet in length, and about 20 feet diameter in the middle, tapering off toward the ends; this forming the balloon part. To it is attached a very small, but strongly made steam engine, which works a propeller somewhat resembling the screw often fitted to steam-ships; below this, at the end of a boom of about twenty feet long, a triangular sail is fixed, acting as the helm. This apparatus when inflated at the Hippodrome at Paris, rose steadily, floating away with the wind. All at once, however, the machine was checked in its course, became almost stationary, then slowly shifted its direction, veering round, and afterwards was carried down the wind again. It is, of course, questionable whether the arrest of motion was due to the action of the machine, or the apparatus having crossed in its course a slanting current of air intersecting the direction of the wind; but so far as observation goes, it seems fairly to be attributable to the action of the machine. Another inventor, M. Molés, is reported to have greatly excelled his brother aeronaut, Giffard, in a journey of five to six miles out and home again, and occupying about half an hour; besides sailing round Lucbon on the frontier of France, whence the ascent was made; a feat, which if true, in the main, forms an enormous stride in this branch of mechanism, and bids fair by a skilful substitution of machinery for human labour, to render aerial navigation *un fait accompli*. The story, although related circumstantially enough, bears, it must be owned, a greater resemblance to the *raisonnable* than to the *vrai*, and had it emanated from our ingenious Transatlantic cousins, I fear I should have at once referred it to that striking class of inventions, of which the destruction of the Niagara Falls, and the capture of the famed, but yet unknown Sea-serpent form such notable examples. The *Constitutionnel* describes M. Molés machine as consisting of a small egg-shaped balloon filled with hydrogen gas, but not larger than was requisite to raise the aeronaut and the remainder of his apparatus a few hundred yards from the earth. Beneath this balloon a sort of table was suspended, on which the adventurer lay prone, his back being attached to the net work of the balloon. To each leg, between the knee and instep, a circular fan, like an umbrella, was connected, sliding easily on its stick, the silk, however, being reversed, and opening outwards. In each hand he carried another kind of fan opening with hinges, and capable of expanding and contracting at will. A rope communicating with the valve of the balloon was placed round his neck, and he carried a belt round his body containing shot and sand to serve as ballast. On the signal being made, the balloon gently rose till it attained an elevation of about 200 yards, when the voyager began to use his means of propulsion. He first crossed his legs, and then stretched them out at full length, the first movement closing, and the second expanding the umbrella fan; the surface of air thus suddenly compressed caused the balloon to advance, the aeronaut using his hand fans in the same direction. The day being calm, the voyager easily propelled himself in a straight line down the valley towards the north, the speed seemingly increasing with practice in the use of the apparatus. After proceeding about the distance named above, he wheeled round and returned to his point of departure; descending slowly in the same field whence he had risen. Another ascent was announced to take place on the following Sunday, when, if there be a little wind going, the capabilities of this apparatus will be tested, of which the inventor naturally speaks with the utmost confidence, asserting that he can guide his balloon as readily as he could sail a ship. Particulars of this promised ascent have not reached me, nor have I any faith in those I have detailed.

A NEW PYROMETER.—Mr. John Wilson has ingeniously availed himself of the increased temperature communicated to water when heated bodies are plunged into it to measure high temperatures, and has thus placed in our hands a pyrometer which will indicate with the greatest exactness, and in accordance with the ratio of the various scales of the mercurial thermometer, the heat developed in our furnaces. By

this plan a known weight of platinum is placed in the furnace until it acquires its full temperature, and is then plunged into water, the weight and temperature of which have been previously ascertained. Thus, if the platinum weigh 1,000 grains, and the water into which it is plunged 2,000 grains, the temperature of the latter being 60°, and it be raised by the heated platinum to 90°, then $90^\circ - 60^\circ = 30^\circ$; which multiplied by 2, the weight of the water being double that of the platinum, gives 60°; that a weight of water equal to that of the platinum would have been raised. Again, should the water in another instance gain 40°, then $40^\circ \times 2 = 80$ indicated by this pyrometer. To convert these degrees into thermometric degrees of Fahrenheit, we must multiply by 31.25. Thus, $80^\circ \times 31.25 = 2,500^\circ$ of Fahrenheit, and $60^\circ \times 31.25 = 1,875^\circ$, the temperatures of the furnaces tested above. The multiplier 31.25 is the number expressing the specific heat of water as compared with that of platinum, this latter being taken as 1 or unity. The apparatus recommended by the inventor, to guard against loss of heat by conduction or radiation, is a cylindrical polished tinned iron vessel, three inches deep and two in diameter, placed within another cylinder, with about a quarter of an inch between them. Instead of the large quantity of water thought necessary in the first instance, experience proved that double the weight of the platinum was sufficient; when this metal, in an incandescent state, is plunged into the water there is no steam liberated, it being precisely the converse of the experiment of dropping water on an ignited plate of platinum, and the consequent assumption of the spheroidal state by the water, when the evaporation is very slow, it being only when the metal ceases to flow that steam is rapidly produced. In ascertaining temperatures by this pyrometer, corrections have to be made for that portion of the heat absorbed by the mercury and glass of the thermometer, the vessel containing the water, and that retained by the platinum; this quantity of heat compared to that received by the water will be in proportion to the several weights of these parts of the apparatus and their respective specific heats compared with water, thus:—

Mercury	200 grs.	$\times \frac{1}{10}$	Specific heat=7 grs. of water.
Glass	35 "	$\times \frac{1}{10}$	" 6 " "
Iron	658 "	$\times \frac{1}{10}$	" 73 " "
Platinum	1000 "	$\times \frac{1}{10}$	" 31 " "

117 grains.

so that the effect of the apparatus is equal to the addition of 117 grains to the 2,000 grains of water, or $\frac{1}{10}$ has to be added as a correction to all temperatures determined by it, or, in other words, the multiplier must be increased from 31.25 to 33 when using an instrument, the weights of the component parts of which are the same as above given. As the platinum is a somewhat expensive portion of the apparatus, indeed the only expensive portion, Mr. Wilson has ingeniously substituted for it a piece of baked Stourbridge clay weighing 200 grains, which, when heated to the fusing point of silver and plunged into the apparatus instead of the platinum, raises the temperature of the water 41°. Now if 1,890° Fahr., the fusing point of silver, be divided by 41, we obtain 46° as the number of degrees on Fahrenheit's scale indicated by 1° of this pyrometer, so that 46 will be the correct multiplier, without any corrections or further calculations being required for the heat abstracted by the apparatus. The Stourbridge clay as cooling less rapidly than the platinum, to say nothing of the expense of the latter, is a great improvement on the first form of an apparatus, which seems to me to be a most simple and excellent invention, capable of being used by an ordinary workman to ascertain the working temperatures of a furnace or flue, free from the objections either on the score of imperfection, expense, or difficulty of manipulation attaching to all former pyrometers, and with the commonest care necessarily giving correct results.

HERMES.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS
A FINE ART.

WE have repeatedly manifested our opposition to the exclusive efforts of our "Antiquarians," our "Archæologists," and our "Architectural Societies,"—excepting only the two London Institutions—to promote the almost "exclusive study of the picturesque architecture of a Gothic age," and it is with peculiar and most earnest gratification that we hail the appearance of *The Museum of Classical Antiquities*, a quarterly journal of "Architecture and the sister branches of Classic Art," as a well-directed and powerful counter-check to the impulse which has been given to the public of England in favour of a mere branch of design, which, but for the Græco-Roman trunk, would have had no life, no existence,—as a part of the great tree of architectural knowledge. This elegant and learned publication was first issued by Mr. Parker, of London, with the beginning of the year 1851; and it is now

being continued with unabated zeal and liberality by Mr. Richards, of Great Queen-street. Mr. Parker having completed the first volume, the second, for the present year, is advancing in the name of his successor; and, when we regard the substance of the matter, the beauty and number of the illustrations, and the style of the "getting up," we feel that the success of its proprietors and conductors is merely dependent on that general knowledge of its merits, which we humbly desire to promote.

It is, indeed, refreshing to turn from the quaint distortions of the human figure as they appear in our Gothic tombs and painted windows,—from grinning monsters, cross-legged crusaders, rude niched effigies, and from ludicrous symbols, rather than representations of "holy families," to the truth of natural beauty as shown in the imagined restoration of the paintings by Polygnotus in the Lesche at Delphi, or to the delineations of the sculptures in the pediments of the Parthenon at Athens. It is invigorating to the taste to leave for awhile the perishable intricacies of the Gothic monumental cross, to repose on such mausolea as those of the *Souma* and the tomb at Oorán, in which, as Mr. Falkener says, we have such "elegant beauty" united with "solemn sadness." It is expanding to the ideas to escape from the burlesque enthusiasm which raves over an old monastic remain, and to participate in the admiration due to such subjects as those of the vast theatres and the naumachia of Vicenza and Verona.

The publication in question intends no hostility to Gothic Architecture. On the contrary, it seeks to advocate Classic design as a particular means to a general end,—as Greek and Latin are advocated at our Universities, with a view to that catholic apprehension, which is necessary even to the advancement of Christian truth and modern literature; and, inasmuch as our monthly criticisms have for their object the promotion of a feeling for architecture as an art—the true principles of which can only be attained by those who abjure sectarian partiality—we delight in observing how erudite and accomplished men are now engaged in showing that archaeology does not merely mean a spiritless industry among the mouldering remains and musty folios of the middle ages.

In reference to a reviving regard, among some of our countrymen, for the architecture of classic adaptation, we may allude to *The Builder*, vol. 10, page 551, where there is an engraving of Mr. Vulliamy's design for *Dorchester-house, Park Lane*. We congratulate Mr. Holford on his architect, and the latter on an opportunity of which he has most successfully availed himself. Rich, chaste, bold, elegant, and effective, the ordinary observer, not less than the critic, must be satisfied with it. The same architect is also engaged in a *Mansion for Lord Kilmorey, St. Margaret's, Isleworth*: (see *Builder*, vol. 10, p. 425.) The latter design is less rigidly "classic" than the other, being more in the Roman style of Wren's period, but it is a lordly edifice. The academic architecture of Chambers is illustrated in Mr. Pennethorne's design for the *Inland Revenue Offices*, proposed as the completion of the vast pile of Somerset House; and we only hope it may be carried into execution: (*Builder*, vol. 10, p. 201.) The *Swansea Guildhall and Assize Courts*, recently erected by Mr. Thomas Taylor (see *Builder*, vol. 10, p. 65) is a pleasing example of Roman design, but it lacks the touch of genius. The three-columned centre of the lesser front is a piece of thoughtless common-place. The columnar decoration of this *bit* had better have been spared. It is at once too little and too much; the basement part of its composition might have been as it is, leaving the range of four windows, without any further adornment, to give one feature of breadth to a composition somewhat requiring it. The *Market Hall, Stockport*, by Messrs. Stephens and Park (see *Builder*, vol. 10, p. 184), is fronted by one of those pieces of *mask* architecture which truth, and therefore taste, must condemn. Whatever its own distinct merits, it belies the form and character of the construction behind it, for the description of it in *The Builder* informs us that it faces a room "which is in one height, and is covered by a semicircular iron roof, with lights in the crown." As a composition, it is bold and picturesque enough up to the top of the columns; but an elevation so high and narrow should have had its vertical excess corrected by an unbroken entablature, repeating the continuity of the balustrade over the basement portion. In *The Builder*, vol. 10, p. 421, is an elevation of the *Temperance Hall, Derby*, by Mr. Stephens, which appears to be a much more truth-telling composition. It is novel and artistic; and a good example of what may be done without that mere columnar application which some architects ever resort to as their only stock in trade. In the *Presbyterian College, Belfast*, by Mr. Lanyon (see *Builder*, vol. 10, p. 503), we have another example of the broken entablature before alluded to in the Stockport Market Hall. Strictly speaking, this fashion is very rarely defensible; but, at all events, it should never be followed, save where the interspace between the columns leaves too long a "bearing" for an incumbent architrave; and in the present instance its adoption has no excuse. It is a mere conversion of the column and fragment of entablature into a buttress. In the centre of the principal front this principle is carried out; but the effect of the same disposition in the return front, where there is no attic, is one of a most unpleasant want of reason and finish. We turn, with better hopes in artistic feeling and originality to the

Queen's Assurance and Commercial Chambers, London, by Mr. S. Wood; a truly imposing block of street architecture, expressing the wealth which affords security to the insurer, and symbolizing the riches of London's commerce: (see *Builder*, vol. 10, p. 583.) The elegant and picturesque are here combined. The columniated arcade of the basement, the outer angle compartments, the mid-angle and its bay projections, with the crowning range of attic and cornice, are all admirable. There is a refined judgment in the paneling between the lower part of the first-floor windows, which is worthy of a remark. So far from making these windows appear more crowded, it positively makes them appear less so than otherwise they would be: for there is an expression of breadth in the plain parts immediately above the paneling, which would not have been acknowledged if the eye had followed uninterruptedly the entire height of the intervening piers. The same thing is not done between the windows above, because they are of less height. This may appear like absurdly minute and hypocritical eulogy; but there is an honest satisfaction in the critic's perception of these delicacies of thought which architects only know.

An interesting theme for critical remark is afforded in the imposing mansion, just erected for C. Lombe, Esq., by Messrs. Banks and Barry, *Bylaugh Hall, Norfolk*. A plan and view of it appear in *The Builder*, vol. 10, p. 519. Its style is denominated by a contemporary as "Anglo-Italian;" and the only reason hostile to the reception of the title, is its pre-application by some critics to Italian design—not mixed with Tudor—but merely modified by English fashion or requirement. In *Bylaugh Hall* there is the union of the positive Roman "Order" with the mulioned and transomed Tudor window; and, in spite of the former, the general aspect of the building is far more gothic than classic. The central tower-compartment, the turret-like chimneys, the buttress-like pilasters, the dormer windows, the close-arched porch, and the vertical feeling which so prevails, produce a general effect which leaves the Italian features of the design rather to be discovered as secondary facts than obvious as important ones. There is an advantage however in this. The Italian ingredient is present; and, while the picturesque of the Gothic may be dominant without, the elegancies of the Classic, may, if required, be allowed the greater share of development within. The continuation of the clustering pilasters, at the angles of the tower and main building, and elsewhere, so as to form chimney turrets, is greatly contributive to picturesque effect; and there is, connected with the ornamentation of the surfaces, an honest simplicity in the general mass, which gives much masculine beauty to the whole. We are still shy of "bastard" productions, and "this is of them;" but there is a Vanburghish and Barry-tone about the entire composition, which gives it striking emphasis, and which is well wrought into an impressive harmony. Mr. Banks was, we believe, an assistant of Sir C. Barry's; and the Mr. Barry here co-employed, is Sir C. Barry's son.

The main effect of the Crystal Palace upon architecture, has been that of destroying the tyranny of precedent, and of bringing a bold and practical ingenuity to meet the desired requirements by the simplest and most suitable means. Batty's *Hippodrome*, by Mr. Taylor, is an excellent specimen of honest architecture, which we could wish to see of solid material, artistified, as we are sure Mr. T. could effect it, if the means were at hand. It only occurs to us to ask if the roof might not be continued over the course? The *Circus* in the Champs Elysees, at Paris, is a fine example of its class; and since the exhibitions for which such buildings are intended are becoming more and more popular, why should not every large city have its amphitheatre? The character of the entertainments of the gymnasium and riding-ring is, in some important respects, most commendable; nor can we see why permanent structures for their purpose should not supersede the flapping sail cloth and rickety accommodation of the temporary tent. Mr. Wyld's *Globe Building* is an encouraging specimen of a structure hastily erected for a specific purpose. It is a pleasing example of the low and expansive, though capable of improvement in some matters of decoration.

Recurring to the subject of the Crystal Palace, we rejoice in the improved form which it is to assume in its re-construction at Sydenham; but the defect which ever struck us as unsatisfactory in the Hyde-park structure, still exists in the new design. We allude to the weak and fragile appearance of the outer angles, which appear to terminate with only one of the common iron stanchions. Could not the angle iron pillars have had more bulk? Or is there any reason why the space on each front, between the angle pillar and the next, should not be filled in with open iron work so as to present, at least, the expression of a quoin or buttress of more than average strength? Again, would not a pleasing internal effect be produced by glazing the open iron-work, which we have suggested, with coloured glass? In further allusion to the matter of *seeming* fragility, the desire for a maximum of light in our shops, and for as much glass surface as possible, for the display of "goods" to the passer by, has been most prejudicial to our street architecture. The vile habit of allowing great and ostentatious superstructures to rest apparently on glass raised on its edge, cannot be sufficiently denounced; and we have regarded with pleasure the symptoms of improvement which appear in the arched range of shops forming the lower part

of the Royal Exchange Buildings, the entire elevation being highly creditable to Mr. Anson. We also observe a shop front near Mr. Hope's house in Piccadilly, in which solid piers and arches occupy the place of the invisible something which looks like nothing. The shop likewise of Messrs. Starkey and Cuffley, at Manchester, has a manifestly sufficient support in its rusticated stone-work; and, though mostly Palladian in detail, it emulates the Venetian palace. In offensive opposition to the law, that superstructures should not only be, but *appear* to be, supported by subconstruction of adequate solidity, we refer to certain buildings in Coventry-street, and to many others of similar architectural pretension, which, like Mahomet's coffin, seem to hang in magical independence between heaven and earth.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Royal Commissioners, who were constituted a permanent body by a charter granted by Her Majesty immediately on the closing of the Great Exhibition, have recently completed some very large purchases of land, which it is understood are to be used for the erection of the National Galleries, in combination with museums such as that now at Marlborough-house, or generally for the promotion of arts, manufactures, and commerce. The charter referred to gave power to appropriate the surplus derived from the Great Exhibition to such purposes, but the extent even of the land purchases must have already exhausted that surplus, and the nation will have to supply the requisite funds for all that is to follow. The site chosen for the realization of all this is at Kensington-gore.—The Wellington memorial fund in Brighton amounts already to nearly 4,000*l*. It is stated that "shortly before his last departure for Walmer, the Duke of Wellington gave to Mr. J. W. Glass several sittings for his portrait. Among the statues to be erected in honour of the great Chief, will be one in commemoration of his brilliant career in Hindustan. A court of directors of the East India Company have decided in favour of a marble statue to be placed in the general Court-room.—It is intended to establish an Academy of Arts in Leeds. The primary object of the academy is the general improvement of art in the locality. In the plan of its promoters it is not viewed as a rival institution to the School of Design, but as an aid to that admirable society in furthering the study of the higher branches of art to which the School of Design may be considered as preparatory.—A colossal monument to the memory of the late Henry Clay is about to be erected at St. Louis, on the Mississippi, at the large cost of 75,000 dollars.—Herr Schwind, a musical painter at Vienna, has painted a picture embodying the *ideas* in Beethoven's Fantasia for pianoforte, orchestra, and chorus.—The French Government has presented the King of Denmark with a complete collection (seventy-nine folio volumes) of the engravings of the Louvre, the plates of which belong to the State. This present has been made as an acknowledgment of the courtesy shown to the French agents at the sale of Thorwaldsen's works, at Copenhagen, in 1849.—In Munich a work of art of great extent has just been brought to a conclusion:—the series of thirty-nine large fresco pictures which M. Hess has been executing in the arcades of the Court Garden, and which represent the most remarkable events in the long struggle for the emancipation of Greece—from the day when the unfortunate Rhigas by his songs excited his countrymen to throw off the Turkish yoke, down to that of the disembarkation of King Otho at the Piræus. The Bavarian Government have determined on having these frescoes executed in lithography, and presenting coloured copies to all foreign Governments.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

WHILE London is at present, as it generally is at this time of the year, marked by a perfect absence of any public musical entertainments, the provinces are in the plenitude of their annual musical enjoyment, and several respectable and competent professors are gaining laurels in some of the most enlightened and populous towns in the country.

At Manchester, on the 18th ult., the first of a second series of Classical Chamber Concerts was given by a talented and striving young townsman, Mr. J. Thorne Harris, at the Athenæum Library Hall. The rank, beauty and fashion of Manchester and its neighbourhood graced the room. The programme consisted of an admirable selection from the music of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Schubert, De Beriot, Proch, Liszt, and Prudent. The performers, more especially Mr. Harris,—who plays with taste and talent on the pianoforte,—showed a command over their voices and instruments, and gave great satisfaction. Altogether, Mr. Harris could not well have made a more successful commencement. The Glee and Madrigal Union have

been singing at the Free Trade Hall, and Spohr's "Power of Sound" symphony was given on the 20th ult. with good effect at the Concert Hall.

The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society, which, under the management of its able director, Mr. Spark, has gained for itself a high character, recently gave a musical *soirée*, at which the mayor of the town presided. The meeting was numerous and agreeable, and the leading parts in the fine madrigals were ably and successfully sustained. The most interesting feature of the evening was the debut of two young ladies, members of the society, and pupils of Mr. Spark, who both give promise of great future success. Their singing was sweet and cheery, and excited quite a sensation.

Madame Eveline Garcia made her debut before a York audience at a grand concert given in the Festival Concert Room, under the patronage of the Yorkshire Union Hunt Club, for the benefit of the county charities. She acquitted herself in a very artistic manner, and seemed to give most satisfaction in her execution of Rode's air with variations. On the same occasion Miss Cicely Nott appeared, and was loudly applauded both for the brilliancy of her voice and her style of singing, which is of a school legitimately English. The band, which was Julien's, and conducted by Herr Koenig, comprised most of the old favorites, and the programme, which embraced selections from Bellini, Rossini, Beethoven, Meyerbeer and other masters, afforded an opportunity for the audience hearing them to the best advantage. Every available seat was occupied.

Mrs. Alexander Newton has been singing with her usual brilliant success at Barnsley, Leeds, Liverpool and Birkenhead. At Dalston, an evening concert was recently given at the Literary Institution by Miss Lizzy Stuart, who distinguished herself in a variety of music. Among those who assisted her were Mr. George Tedder, who sang with remarkable effect, and Herr Anschuetz, who conducted in his usual able manner. At Honiton, Mr. Flood, a resident professor of music, gave his annual evening concert, on the 14th ult., at the Assembly Room, under distinguished patronage. The great attraction was the soprano singer, Miss Stabbach, with whose exertions the company expressed themselves highly pleased; and, indeed, she sang a number of songs in a manner well worthy of her reputation.

Alboni has given her farewell concert at New York, where Madame Sontag has just made her debut. Miss Catharine Hayes left New York on the 20th ult. for California, accompanied by her mother and attendants, and by her assistant manager, Mr. Bushnell, Herr Mengis and Signor Herold. Miss Hayes has made preparations for a vigorous campaign in San Francisco.

Madlle. Wagner is at present singing at Berlin; Madame Bosio and Madame Ugalde in Paris, the former at the Grand Opera, and the other at the Opera Comique; and Madlle. Julienne is at Barcelona, where she has created a great sensation by her acting and singing in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Several new operas are about to be produced on the continent; one in Paris by M. G. Bousquet, another at Naples by Mercadante, entitled *La Violetta*, and two at Vienna, one, by General Lwoff, and the other by Herr von Flotow, while M. Gautier has just achieved a great success in Paris by the production of an opera, entitled *Choisy-le-Roi*.

Sivori, a few days ago, gave his last concert at Brussels.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

We are enabled to state, says *The Athenæum*, that the Christmas revels of the olden time will be again held at Windsor this year; and with a novelty which recalls the time of "the great Eliza," who, as Lord Falkland sings,—

With her judicious favours, did infuse
Courage and strength into his younger muse.

The "younger muse" celebrated by Lord Falkland was that of Ben Jonson, often called by the voice of Royalty to contribute the flash of his wit and the music of his verse towards the entertainment of his sovereign. Queen Victoria will open her dramatic campaign with a new poetical prose comedy of English life from the pen of Mr. Douglas Jerrold. This is a good beginning of the dramatic new year—with an agreeable smack of old days and of a literary court about it. The play will be brought out at the Princess's Theatre on the night following that on which it is to be produced before the Queen and Court at Windsor Castle.—Mr. Alfred Bunn has arrived in America. He purposes to give lectures on the Drama, &c.—Madame Sontag was still in New York, and had given four concerts. She was to have gone to Philadelphia on the 11th, where several musical societies were making arrangements for welcoming her upon her arrival, and escorting her to her hotel. Madame Alboni had given her first concert in New York, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. Catherine Hayes was at Boston, making arrangements for going to California.—Miss Laura Keane has made her debut at Wallack's Lyceum, New

York, in the part of "Albina Mandeville," in Reynolds's comedy of *The Will*. She met with an enthusiastic reception, was called at the end of several acts, and much commended for her "youth, beauty, vivacity, and well-trained talents."—The Philadelphia *North American* announces, that the celebrated violinist, Mr. Ole Bull, has bought an estate of 120,000 acres in Pennsylvania; on which he intends to found a colony of his compatriots. Ole Bull is compared to Amphion, who reared the walls of a city with his lyre.

Galvani's Messenger says: "Mr. Lumley having retired from the direction of the Theatre Italien, the Minister of the Interior has appointed M. Corti, formerly director of the opera at Milan and Bergamo, his successor. But, taking into consideration the unfavourable period of Mr. Lumley's management, arising from the then unsettled state of public affairs, Government, we understand, in a spirit of justice which all will commend, intend granting that gentleman an indemnity for his losses."—A new circus is being constructed in Paris in the Rue des Fossés, Boulevard du Temple, on the very site on which old Astley, in 1783, built the first theatre exclusively devoted to horsemanship which Paris ever possessed.—At Hanover, the new theatre has been completed, and opened with a small piece, the words by Perglass and the music by Marschner, and followed by Goethe's *Tasso*. The building itself is very handsome in its architecture, ornamented in front with a fine portico adorned with twelve statues.—Meyerbeer, the composer, is still at Spa, and so suffering is he, that he is even prevented from using the waters.

"Lablache and the Signora Medori," says the *Leipzig Musical Gazette*, "have accepted engagements for the Italian Opera at St. Petersburg." The same paper states that Mr. Balfe is to pass the winter at Berlin, where he will write an opera.—General de Lwoff, aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia, but more distinguished as a musical composer than as a soldier, has arrived in Vienna, to superintend the bringing out, at the Imperial Theatre, of a grand opera in five acts, composed by him, called *Undine*. The General has already produced several musical works of great merit, and is the composer of the music of the Russian national hymn, which possesses considerable beauty.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES, RELATING TO BOOKS, AUTHORS, SOCIETIES, &c.

THE novel, recently advertised, entitled *The Gossip*, by the Hon. Mrs. E. Norton, is not by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, author of *Stuart of Dumleath*.—Nathaniel Hawthorne is writing a biography for boys; the subject is Washington.—*The Madrid Gazette* publishes a Royal decree prohibiting M. Alexandre Dumas's *History of the Political and Private Life of Louis Philippe*.

—The German translation of Victor Hugo's *Napoleon le Petit*, just published, has been seized in all the bookseller's shops in Berlin, and confiscated. The sale of the French edition has not been prohibited.—"Last week," says the Vienna correspondent of *The Times*, "a work on the Austrian Revolution, by Mr. Styles, who was the Chargé d'Affaires of the United States here during 1848, was prohibited, although it contained little or nothing calculated to give offence to Government."—M. Charavay, the bookseller, Rue de Seine, well known for his collection of documents relative to the French revolution, proposes to sell by auction, next month, a curious collection of autographs. Among them are a letter from Mary Stuart, addressed from her prison to Henri III., and another from Henri IV., in reply to some propositions made to him to change his religion. The letters written during the revolutionary period are not amongst the least interesting. One is from the former Minister of War, Bouchette, to one of his successors, in which he enumerates his services and demands a pension. His principal claim appears to rest on his having appointed "young Bonaparte" a General of Brigade; but his other reasons will not be considered less forcible. "There are, besides," he says: "Certain things which are required by decency. Now, I put it to you whether a man who has been a Minister ought to be exposed to the inconvenience of only having a lodging by the month, of having to run here and there in search of his dinner, and finding amusement in a *café*, instead of having a home where he can take his meals and occupy his time usefully."—There is something fabulous in the success of that *Uncle Tom*, remarks *The Leader*. Twenty-one separate reprints have been made, the sale of all of them immense. Mr. W. H. Smith, at his railway stations sells some 300 copies daily. It will soon become a distinction *not* to have read the book! In America, the "sensation" is varied episodically by accusations, quarrels, defamations and law-suits. From two American papers before us, we see that Dr. Joel Parker has commenced an action against the authoress, for defamation, damages laid at 20,000 dollars. It appears that Dr. Parker, on hearing of the mention Mrs.

Stowe had made of his name as the author of an atrocious sentiment, wrote to her, offering proof that she had been misinformed, and that he was not the author of that sentiment. Mrs. Stowe made no reply. She did not reply until a third letter elicited from her the assertion that she had documentary evidence of the truth of her statement. Hereupon, Dr. Parker commenced his action. In the American papers this affair has an ugly aspect, owing to the interference of Mrs. Stowe's brother, the Rev. Henry Beecher, who, according to the statements before us, published a correspondence between his sister and Dr. Parker, not one word of which did Dr. Parker write or authorize. But as a trial is to take place, it will be wise to suspend belief till ample evidence is produced.

The Earl of Derby has been elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford.—*The New York Literary World* announces that "Sir Charles Lyell, lately arrived in the States, is on his way South, accompanied by Lady Lyell, who, it is understood, does much with her pen to aid him."—The plight to which literary men are reduced in Paris is wretched in the extreme. Hundreds of them are in the fangs of starvation; each day's existence which they pass is a sort of miracle accomplished.—A subscription has been commenced for a memorial window in honour of the poet Wordsworth, in the church now rebuilding in Cuckermouth,—the town of his birth.—A subscription has also been commenced for a monument in Kensal-green Cemetery to the memory of Thomas Hood. Already among the names of contributors are the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Macaulay, Lord Carlisle, and Samuel Rogers. The proposal originated with some of the members of the Whittington Club.—The Rev. Dr. Robinson has returned from his recent visit to Syria and the East, and is now on his way to America, having only remained a few days in England. He has explored various parts of the Holy Land hitherto little known, and has obtained valuable materials for the new edition of his "Geography of Palestine," which he is about to publish.—It is officially announced by the Committee of Council on Education that Mr. Joseph Bowstead has been appointed an Inspector of Schools,—that the Revs. William Birley, J. G. C. Fussell, J. W. D. Hernaman, R. L. Koe, and R. F. Meredith have been named Assistant Inspectors of Schools, and that the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson has received an appointment to be an Inspector of Episcopal Schools in Scotland.—Dr. Jeremie, now Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, has lately received from the Hon. East India Company, and also from the members of the civil service of the three Presidencies, a present of plate, as a testimonial for his services during twenty years as Dean and Professor of Classical Literature at Haileybury College.—The Rev. William Jay, of Bath, has resigned the pastorate of the congregational church in Bath, of which he has been minister for the extraordinary period of sixty-three years.—Two persons, Wasse and Grigné, have been sentenced to one year's imprisonment and 500*fr.* fine, for distributing the works *Napoleon le Petit*, *Nuits de St. Cloud*, and *La Voix Mystérieuse*, "as being insulting to the President, and outraging public morals."

Mr. Sampson Lowe states, through the medium of a contemporary, apropos of the Bosworth and Stowe interchange of letter-writing, that it is by no means an uncommon practice for English and American publishers to forward to authors a share of the profits of works reproduced in either country.—Preliminary steps are being taken for the establishment of a free public library in Marylebone.—The burgesses of Oxford lately presented a petition to the town council, praying them to establish a public library, &c., in accordance with Mr. Ewart's Act.—Boulogne-sur-Mer newspapers records the finding recently at Samer, near that town, of about 100 silver pieces of Henry V. of England, bearing the inscription *Villa Calise*.—The Bishop of Rochester, as Visitor of the Cathedral, has given his verdict, on the appeal of Mr. Whiston, in favour of that gentleman's reinstatement in his office of Head Master of the Grammar School in that town.—The Earl of Ellesmere has been lecturing to the members of a Mechanics' Institute at Worsley. His theme was—"The Life and Character of the late Duke of Wellington."—The ingenious and veteran geologist, M. Constant Prévost, of Paris, one of the founders of the Lyellian school, has submitted to his associates of the Academy of Sciences a project for the renewal of his examination, at the public cost, of the coasts of southern Italy and Sicily.—The directors of the New York Mercantile Library Association have extended an invitation to the Hon. Horatio Seymour, of Utica, to lecture before the society. We have already noticed that Hon. Daniel Webster, W. M. Thackeray, of England, and T. F. Meagher, have been engaged to lecture during the winter.—Norton's *Literary Gazette* (U. S.) in its monthly pages gives some interesting memoranda of the Public Literary Institutions of America. From it we learn that the "New Astor Library" will not be opened

before the spring. The unavoidable delays will, says the editor, eventually prove beneficial, giving additional time for the careful arrangement of the vast collections, the most complete of which is the department of Bibliography, collected and presented to the library by Dr. Cogswell. To the New York Mercantile Library have been added more than 2,000 volumes, between January and July of the present year. It is furnished with 120 periodicals, besides newspapers and works of reference. There are more than 4,000 paying members, and four or five hundred honorary members. Great efforts are being made to form or increase the various free libraries and literary institutions in the States. There appears to be a simultaneous movement upon this subject there as well as amongst ourselves.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HAYMARKET:—*Box and Cox Married and Settled*, a Farce by Mr. STERLING COYNE.

PRINCESS'S:—*Anne Blake*, a Drama in five acts, by Mr. WESTLAND MARSTON.

LYCEUM:—*Mysterious Lady*, a Comedietta in two acts, adapted from the French by Mr. PLANCHE; *The Golden Fleece*, a Burlesque in two acts, by Mr. PLANCHE; *House out of Windows*, a Farce adapted from the French by Mr. W. BROUGH.

SADLER'S WELLS:—*Henry V.*

MR. ALBERT SMITH v. MR. HOWARD PAUL.

Box and Cox Married and Settled, is like all other farces of its kind, its great original not even excepted, the plot is either utterly indescribable, or contributes so little towards the effect of the piece as to render it almost immaterial. The original *Box and Cox*, *par nobis*, are, as the title expresses it, married and settled comfortably, with a good thumping baby each. Jealousy, however, that mighty motive in both Tragedy and Comedy, comes in to spoil this picture of domestic happiness; the accidental discovery of some dubious indiscretion leads *Cox* (KEELEY) to suppose that all is not quite correct between his wife and *Box* (BUCKSTONE.) Driven to desperation, the frantic *Cox* marches off with resolved intent to proceed to the diggings, but meeting with a man whom he discovers to be in possession of a long-lost umbrella, he postpones his voyage to have a stand-up fight with him in the street. Proving victorious, the current of his ideas takes a new turn, and flushed with victory, he returns with the recaptured umbrella, and with his habiliments in a very disordered state, in time to be embraced by the suspected, but injured *Box*, who has witnessed the heroic combat from the window. All little matters having been cleared up to the entire satisfaction of all parties, the curtain falls upon *Box and Cox Married and Settled*, with as genuine a tribute of applause as ever fell to a piece of such slight calibre. On Saturday next, some new whim of the Lord Chamberlain notwithstanding, the long-looked-for comedy *Richelieu in Love* will be produced at the HAYMARKET. It is by the anonymous author of "Whitefriars," the modern "Great Unknown," whose modest love of obscurity has hitherto baffled the curiosity of all the gossip-mongers. Without pretending to be wiser than our neighbours, we may suggest that the author is a gentleman not unknown in Paternoster-row; though why he should keep himself in the shade and refuse to come forward and receive the plaudits due to his talents we cannot imagine. *Richelieu in Love* was to have been produced at the Haymarket in the beginning of 1844; the piece had been accepted by Mr. WEBSTER, cast, distributed, and even rehearsed, Mr. FARRER was to have played *Richelieu*, when lo! an admonition from the Lord Chamberlain to proceed no farther without orders, followed by an absolute prohibition to proceed at all, on the ground that "it was calculated to bring the Church and the Court into contempt;" there was also some objection to the incident of *Anne of Austria* appearing in a page's garb. When the comedy has been produced we shall know how much, if any alteration has been made in its original structure; but if it appear intact, word for word as it was in 1844, the absurdity of the prohibition will be understood.

We cannot yet tell whether Mr. MARSTON's domestic drama *Anne Blake* has satisfied the expectation of the public, but we ourselves look upon it with divided feelings of disappointment and admiration,—admiration for the beauty of the language and the perfect acting of both Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN,—disappointment at the insignificance of the piece in a dramatic point of view. These psychological experiments, attempting to illustrate one particular chain of mental phenomena, do not, and cannot possess sufficient breadth, dramatic character, or sufficient scope of interest or strength of action to lay any firm hold upon the public mind. Regarded as literary curiosities they are valuable; as acting dramas they are almost invariably unsuccessful. *Die Rauber* of SCHILLER does not furnish an exception, and both the past and present attempts of Mr. MARSTON will go down to posterity hand in hand with JOANNA BAILLIE'S *Plays of the Passions*, in strong confirmation of the rule. The story is very simple. *Anne Blake* (Mrs. C. KEAN) is the orphan niece and dependant of *Sir Joshua Toppington* (Mr. ADDISON), a vulgar baronet and ex-tradesman; *Lady Toppington* (Mrs. WINSTANLEY) treats her with great contumely and oppression; but both uncle and aunt have the possibility

in view that she may make a good match. At the commencement of the piece we find *Anne* betrothed to *Thorold* (Mr. C. KEAN), a travelling artist, and *Sir Joshua* and his lady scheming how to divert her from him, and make her marry *Llaniston*, a gentleman of wealth, and next heir to a peerage,—mortgagee, moreover, of *Sir Joshua's* estate. Attacking her on the side of jealousy, *Lady Toppington* persuades *Anne* that *Thorold* loves her not, and a portrait of a young and beautiful woman, which he ever carries about him, confirms her in that view. Stung by this, she accepts *Llaniston*—when it turns out that *Thorold* is not a poor artist, but is really *Colonel Thorold*, an officer, who has won great laurels in India, and the testamentary guardian of *Anne Blake*. In an interview between *Thorold* and *Anne*, he dissuades her from marrying *Llaniston*, to whom, as she confesses, she never can give her heart, by a touching description of the devoted love that existed between her dead father and mother, and producing the portrait which had been the cause of *Anne's* jealousy, tells her that it is the picture of her mother. Her eyes are, however, opened too late: she has gone too far to retract, for she refused *Thorold* when she believed him poor, and has sworn that she, the poor dependant, will never wed the rich *Colonel Thorold*, however, removes this difficulty by revealing the fact that her father, who was supposed to have died poor, had invested his all in a mine, which had since proved the source of boundless wealth, and the rich heiress *Anne*, no longer fearing lest her motives be misinterpreted, joyfully bestows her hand where her heart has been all along. Consols, that *deus ex machina* of modern comedy, comes in opportunely to supply every deficiency in the happiness of all parties concerned, and the curtain falls upon a general expression of satisfaction. Mr. MARSTON is, indeed, most fortunate in his actors. The matchless manner in which Mrs. KEAN supported her part would have achieved the success of a far worse play; nor was Mr. KEAN behind in that quiet, earnest intensity, which is certainly the most pleasing phase of his character as an actor. The success of the piece was complete; Mr. and Mrs. KEAN were enthusiastically called before the curtain, and the author responded to the call of the audience by bowing from his private box.

How prone we are to fall into the very failings which we so readily detect in others! A capital example of this recognised truth is supplied by our good friend the Author-Actor-Manager-Weasel of the LYCEUM. The very first piece which he produces after his very moral and severe jobation to *Messieurs les Auteurs Dramatiques de la France*, turns out as deficient in respect of moral, as it certainly is of anything like dramatic interest. As the fate of the *Mysterious Lady*, which is an adaptation into blank verse from the pen of Mr. PLANCHE, of a vaudeville called *Le Cours au Roman*, was settled on the first night of appearance, and as it has been since withdrawn, we shall proceed at once to the other and more satisfactory novelties which the Lyceum offers to the public. *Jason and Medea*, or *The Golden Fleece*, is not exactly a novelty, for it was written for, and appeared at, the Haymarket many years ago, but it comes to us so freshly and (to borrow a simile from the cellar) with such a full-bodied, pleasant smack, after the thin trashy stuff Mr. PLANCHE has been lately dealing in, that we receive it with more perfect satisfaction than if it had come fresh out of his portfolio. It is true that there is but little scope for the exercise of BEVERLEY's wondrous decorative art, so inseparable from the idea of a Lyceum extravaganza, for the stage is as simple as if it were of Athens two thousand years ago, but the dialogue and metre is of PLANCHE in the zenith of his fame and all the vigour of his powers. The audience marked their reception of Madame VESTRIS, whose late temporary indisposition has been noised abroad, by a loud and unanimous expression of their greeting. She looked, acted, and sang in a manner worthy of her fame, and in her whole repertoire there is probably no part so admirably suited to her qualities as *Medea*; she is as natural in that as was CHARLES MATHEWS in the no less appropriate character of Mr. *Affable Hawk*. By far the most successful novelty introduced here is the farce called *A House out of Windows*, adapted by Mr. W. BROUGH from a little French piece called *Par les Fenêtres*. The peculiarity of the piece consists in none of the characters ever appearing actually on the stage, for the whole plot is carried on in the windows and balconies of a house, the front of which is presented to the audience. The plot, a mere nothing, consists simply of the rivalry between Mr. *Closetcard*, an old hunk, and Mr. *Paul Potter*, a young artist lodging in the second floor of old *Closetcard's* house, for the hand of a young lady lodging on the first. After a variety of misadventures in which the elder suitor obtains a transient advantage, the suit is finally decided in favour of the young artist, upon whose happiness the curtain falls. This little piece, which was admirably supported by Mr. ROXBY, Mr. BASIL BAKER, and Miss MARTINDALE, appeared to fully compensate the audience for the disappointment it had sustained in the failure of *The Mysterious Lady*.

The prediction of *The Times* that *Henry V.* would not prove a good acting play, has not been verified by the result. It is true that there are features about it not exactly in accordance with our modern ideas; but, take it for all in all, it is the most splendid and effective historical drama we ever saw upon the stage. Mr.

PHELPS's discretion in these matters ought to render him an authority to be relied on, and his experience is doubtless very great; but we question very much whether *Chorus*, with his two hundred lines of dreary explanation, might not with propriety have been left out. *Chorus*, indeed, adds nothing to the perspicuity of the plot which a few lines inserted in the play-bill would not have abundantly supplied; and, to our taste, the spectacle of Mr. H. MARSTON, dressed as *Old Time*, with the conventional wings and a forelock, droning out long dismal prologues to every act out of a sort of hermit's cave, reminding us very much of our venerable friend Merlin at Vauxhall, was neither very dignified nor very improving. We think, moreover, that certain passages in Mrs. QUICKLY's graphic description of *Falstaff's* ending might have been with propriety left out. The manners of this age do not allow that freedom of expression which may have been perfectly allowable in SHAKESPEARE's time; and it is scarcely fair to plead a desire to preserve his writings intact as an excuse for indecent allusions, which, "though they make the unskillful laugh, cannot but cause the judicious to grieve." Mr. PHELPS's conception of the part of *Henry V.* is in every way worthy of the character portrayed by SHAKESPEARE,—bold, daring in his chivalry, dignified in his regal capacity, frank as a soldier, plain-spoken as a lover, and kind, affable, and merry as a man, *Harry the Fifth* is the beau ideal of an English king, and such does Mr. PHELPS make him. We were less pleased with Mr. G. BENNETT's conception of *Ancient Pistol*, probably because we had expected very great things of him. With a perverseness quite unaccountable in so judicious an actor, he saw fit to mouth and elaborate his words so as to make them perfectly unintelligible to the ear, and, had not the play been familiar to us, we should have been at an utter loss to know what he was talking about. This is much to be regretted; for *Pistol* is the underplot and comedy of the play, and the notion SHAKESPEARE himself had as to the position of *Pistol* in the piece may be gathered from the original title—"The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, with his Battell fought at Agin Court in France, together with *Ancient Pistol*." The *mise en scene* and appointments of the piece are superb; and we advise every true lover of the Drama not to lose this opportunity of seeing this—the best of SHAKESPEARE's historical plays—so admirably represented.

There is a very pretty quarrel indeed between Mr. ALBERT SMITH and Mr. HOWARD PAUL, a young American author, who has taken it into his head to write an entertainment about Mont Blanc. "Stop thief," cries Mr. SMITH, "the notion of cracking jokes at the expense of Mont Blanc is altogether mine, and no one must poke his fun into the sides of that venerable mountain without my express licence." Now, even admitting Mr. SMITH's claim to consider Mont Blanc as his own particular property (which we by no means do), suppose every man were to lay claim to his own original ideas, suppose every true peacock were to claim his own particular feather, how much would be left of many clever fellows who thrive wonderfully in these days,—how much of many joke-smiths even of this particular SMITH? We tremble to think of it!

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Mr. CRESPE has been delivering a lecture on "Aerial Navigation." He introduced a flying machine, which, by mechanical means alone, elevates itself in the air, and the lecturer's object being to prove that if we could obtain a motive power, requiring but a small weight of machinery in connection with it, we should be really enabled to command our movements in the regions above. This flying machine is a simple piece of mechanism, the power employed being vulcanized india rubber in a state of tension, and whilst that power lasts the little machine is on the wing—that, of course, is soon exhausted, and it once more descends to *terra firma*, but it has served the end for which it was designed, it has shown that if a permanent power could be obtained of sufficient earth. Mr. CRESPE is also engaged in lecturing on the "Manufacture of Needles" by a newly invented machine by Messrs. MORRALE, which both saves lives and labour, under the old system no workman existed more than six or seven years.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Will you grant me space in an early number of your Journal for one suggestion connected with the intended alterations, and let us hope beautification, of St. Paul's Cathedral. This is, to substitute copper sheathing for the lead which now forms the covering of the dome, and presses it down like one huge black pall. We, unfortunately, have no metropolitan building to which I can refer as contrasting the light aerial effect of the delicate pale bluish-green tint presented by copper when exposed to the weather, with the dull, dirty-black, heavy gloom pertaining to lead; the only example, since the alterations at Lambeth Church, within my knowledge, being a pile of Dock warehouses, of a portion of the roofs of which we can just catch a glimpse when going down the river; but Dublin affords some admirable specimens of the great beauty obtained by surmounting stone buildings with a copper

sheathed cupola, where the softness of the bluish-weather-worn copper blends charmingly with the atmosphere, giving, instead of the crushing sensation experienced on looking at lead-covered domes, a feeling of relief and repose to the eye; so admirably does the pale bluish-green tint of the oxy-carbonate of copper assimilate with the stone buildings, and the varying sky-tints. The economy of the question is certainly adverse to the employment of copper, but not so much so as the relative prices of the two metals would at first indicate, for the copper used ought to be much thinner than the sheet-lead required; it is not liable to crack, as lead is, and, consequently, repairs are less necessary; it is also more durable than the latter metal, and the weight required would be far less—no unimportant consideration to the architect; whilst, in deciding on the comparative beauty of the two, I am persuaded the voices of the artist and of the multitude, would alike be unanimous in favour of copper. I should be glad to find this suggestion both approved of and advocated by your able contributor on architectural subjects, but still more glad should I be, did those gentlemen who are now so worthily engaged in projecting measures for the restoration of the Metropolitan Church, deem this suggestion worthy of adoption.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Putney, October 28, 1852.

DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

[Authors and Artists will be supplied with Printed Forms for giving to us the necessary information, on application by letter to the Publisher. An Alphabetical Index of Names, at the close of each volume, will supply the means of ready reference.]

COLE (ALFRED WHALEY), Barrister-at-Law, 10, Symond's-lane, and 14, Belgrave-terrace, Piccadilly. Born at Highbury, 4th of January, 1833; educated at Highbury and the London University; left England in 1841; was shipwrecked at the Cape after having visited South America; spent five years in the Cape Colony and Kaffrland; returned to England in 1846; entered at the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1850. Married Eliza Hill, only child of the late W. Whitfield, Esq., Lieut. R. N. Author of *The Cape and the Kaffra*.

The Churchyard Bride, and other Legends in the Ingoldsby Verse and style. *Britannia*.

Contributes to *The Britannia* newspaper, and to several leading periodicals.

GRANVILLE (AUGUSTUS BOZZI), 109, Piccadilly, Doctor of Medicine, Fellow of the Royal Society, Secretary to the Board of Visitors of the Royal Institution. Born in 1793 at Milan in Lombardy, descending from British parents; entered the British Navy in February, 1807, as a Medical Officer, and served until the Peace of 1814; continued on the half-pay list till 1829, when he was removed from it by one of the most arbitrary and unjustifiable acts of the late Navy Board, on the pretence that he had declined to accept of an appointment as supernumerary surgeon to a *ten gun brig* (after having served as full surgeon to a seventy-four gun ship); became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London on settling in town in 1814, and was appointed lecturer on Chemistry at the Windmill-street School of, and Foreign Secretary to, the Geological Society (recently instituted), until his removal to Paris about the middle of 1816, where he resided a year-and-a-half at the suggestion of his friend the late Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart., M. D., expressly for the purpose of qualifying himself to practise as a physician-acoucheur on his return to London, which took place at the end of December, 1817. On the 1st of January, 1818, he settled in Saville-row, from which date his practice begins—having been elected a few days after to the office of Physician-Acoucheur to the Westminster General Dispensary by a large majority over his competitor the late Dr. Hugh Ley, a pupil and protégé of Dr. Merriman, who had just resigned that office. In the autumn of 1817 he had come over to England purposely to attend a course of six weeks lectures on Midwifery, by Mr. now Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, at which period he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and admitted a member of the Royal College of Physicians. In 1818 he was sent for to Cambray, to attend the ladies of Lieutenant-General Sir Lowry Cole, and General Sir John Lambert, the former commanding the second division, and the latter the guards of the British army of occupation in France; and on the following year he accompanied the widow of the late Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice, to Italy for the benefit of her health, where he placed her in safety at Pisa with her daughter, under his friend Professor Vacca, and from whence she returned perfectly recovered not long after. In the year 1828, the Countess, now Princess Wurmow, having been under his care for some time in England, and requiring to accompany her to St. Petersburg, the result of which journey was the production of his work, entitled *St. Petersburg*, of which three editions were published by Colburn. In 1836 he undertook a journey of upwards of 4,000 miles throughout France, Belgium, the Rhénia provinces, Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Austria, Bohemia and other parts of Central Europe, in order to obtain information respecting many points of sanitary law, the supply of water to large towns, the mode of cleansing them, and the use made of animal manures, &c., in which investigation he was most essentially assisted by general letters of introduction from Lord Palmerston to the several British ministers, who were directed to put Dr. Granville in immediate communication with the respective Government for his object. The result of this journey was a lengthened report, an abstract of which was published, by order, on his return; and has since been republished by a Committee of the House of Commons. It was during the same lengthened journey that he entered into a minute investigation of the several mineral waters of Germany, from which his work in two volumes, with maps and plates, entitled *The Spas of Germany*, of which two editions were published. In that work he has especially pointed out some very valuable springs, which were previously totally unknown to the English public, as for example, *Kissingen*, which has acquired a repute seldom attained by watering places that offer no attraction in the way of amusement or dissipation. This place the author has since visited regu-

larly every season, remaining there ten weeks, chiefly engaged in attending numerous English and Russian patients. Doctor Granville, in acknowledgment of his several writings referable to continental matters, has received from the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Sardinia, and from the Grand Duke of Baden many marks of distinction, and five different orders of knighthood.

Doctor Granville first introduced into medical practice the use of prussic acid in 1815, and more extensively again in 1819 and 1820. Up to the latter period no British author or practitioner had adverted to the subject, or prescribed the medicine in question, which was not even named in *The London Pharmacopœia* until sixteen years after. Author of *Critical Essays on Six of the Principal Characters from Shakespeare's Plays* as represented by T. Kemble, with disquisitions on Action and Costume. Manchester. 1813. This was the earliest of his publications in England.

Contributed Three Memoirs to the Transactions of the Royal Society; several to the Journal of the Royal Institution; to *The Medical Gazette* and *The Lancet*; to *The Edinburgh Medical Journal*; to *The London Medical and Physical Journal*, which journal he edited for two years and a-half, having previously edited two volumes of *The Medical Intelligencer*.

HALL (SPENCER TIMOTHY), known by the sobriquet of "The Sherwood Forester." Brookside Cottage, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts, and Hill House, Ashover, Derbyshire, Author, Editor, and Lecturer. Was born at Sutton-in-Ashfield, within the ancient limits of Sherwood Forest, December 16, 1812, and belongs to the class commonly called *self-educated*. Was employed on *The Nottingham Mercury* from 1829 to 1835; nominated the first postmaster of his native place in 1837; became known as "The Sherwood Forester," and was connected with *The York Herald* and *York Courant* in 1839. Appointed Resident Governor of the Hollis Hospital, Sheffield, in 1842, and the same year commenced as a public Lecturer on Zoo-Magnetism or Mesmerism, having from boyhood, in addition to his literary pursuits, devoted a portion of his leisure hours to physiological and psychological inquiries. First lectured in London in May, 1843. In 1844, gave experiments in Mesmerism, and what has since been called Electro-biology, before Liebig, Gregory, Combe, Dr. Samuel Brown, and many other distinguished men of science in Edinburgh; and in 1845-6-7-8, continued his development of similar phenomena in London and (by invitation) in other places. Some of these experiments were fully described in *The Critic*, especially those of 1845. Since that time, Mr. Hall has devoted himself chiefly to the study of Medicine and its kindred sciences, lecturing occasionally. Author of *The Forester's Offering*; *Sketches in Prose and Recreations in Rhyme*. London: Whittaker and Co., 1841 (out of print).

Rambles in the Country, by "The Sherwood Forester." London: Thomas Miller, Newgate-street, 1842 (out of print).

Mesmeric Experiences. London: H. Baillière and J. Ollivier, 1845.

The Upland Hamlet, and other Poems. London: W. S. Orr and Co. 1847.

Life and Death in Ireland in the Year 1849. Manchester: J. T. Parkes.

The Peak and the Plain; *Scenes in Woodland, Field, and Mountain*. (Now in the press.)

Editor of *The Sherwood Magazine*, a small rural periodical, published by himself at Sutton-in-Ashfield, 1837; Co-Editor of *The Sheffield Iris*, 1841-2; Editor and Proprietor of *The Phœno-Magnet and Mirror of Nature*. London: Simpkin and Co. 1843. Contributor to *The Mirror*. In 1834-5; *Metropolitan Magazine*, 1838; *Dearden's Miscellany*, 1838-9; *Tait's Magazine*, 1842; *Phrenological Almanac*, 1843; *The Critic*, 1845-7; and occasionally to other Periodicals and Newspaper.

LIFE OF THACKERAY.—Everybody knows Thackeray, and nobody knows anything about him. We are therefore glad to help ourselves and our readers to a little knowledge of him, derived from a German authority. He was born in Calcutta in the year 1811, and is now consequently forty-one years old. His father was a high official of the East India Company, which secured him the *entrée* of the best society, and a large income. Our author was born a "gentleman." He went to school in England—experienced all the tyranny of a brutal master, and the misery of that system of fagging, a legalized bullying of the little boys by the larger, which is so repulsive to every noble and decent feeling, and which the Englishmen so stoutly defend, as a process which "takes the starch out of pride," but which is altogether too unreasonable not to lose temper about in discussing. Thackeray has revenged himself upon this inhuman and disgusting system in his Christmas story of "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," and he has a general fling at Boarding Schools in the opening of "Vanity Fair," in which he exhorts the reader to trust the promises of a school prospectus no more than he does the praises of an epitaph. He left school for the University at Cambridge, where he studied with Kinglake, the author of *Eothen*; Eliot Warburton, who wrote *The Crescent and the Cross*, and was lost with *The Amazon*; and Richard Monckton Milnes, a well known London *littérateur*, a poet, and biographer of Keats, and an ornamental liberal member of Parliament. Meanwhile the elder Thackeray died, and the future historian of Vanity Fair launched himself into its midst with an annual income of about a thousand pounds. He lived according to his whims, drew sharp and clever caricatures, smoked, lounged, feasted upon books of every kind, and opened the oyster of the world at leisure. His mother, a woman of great beauty and full of talent and tenderness, whose memory is so filially embalmed in the character of the mother of Arthur Pendennis, married again, about this time; and the young man, always the object of the proudest maternal love, came into possession of his paternal inheritance. He immediately returned from the continent where he had been staying a little time, and took up his residence in the Temple. Nascent Jurists and budding Barristers-

at-Law, who have completed a full course at Cambridge or Oxford, enjoy the privilege of paying high prices for comfortable quarters in the Temple, and of eating splendid dinners in its ancient dining-room. Here Thackeray entered himself as a student of Jurisprudence, and in the character of Warrington in *Pendennis* he has developed the career of the students, and the varied life of the Temple, in some of the best passages he has ever written. Henry Taylor, the Dramatist, author of *Philip Van Artevelde*, is among the residents of the Temple, and is mentioned by the German Commentator as the original of a character in Thackeray's *Romance*. We are at a loss to determine which, for if Warrington be so intended, he seems to us to lose the point. Warrington is a man of power without a career—Taylor a man of talent, who has certainly achieved a reputation quite equal to his just claims. However, the Temple not only furnished our author characters, but also the necessity of drawing them; for while there, and when scarcely more than twenty-three years old, the young man had "fooled away" his property, and was poor. The days of smoking, lounging, and "loafing" were evidently ending, and he betook himself to Paris, conceiving, from his facility in sketching, that he was born for an artist. A brief time among the Parisian ateliers sufficed to remove this idea. But as his stepfather at this period established a journal in London, called *The Constitutional*, the artist naturally became its Paris correspondent. Thus, like Dickens, he commenced his literary career as a journalist. In Paris, Thackeray met his present wife, an Irish lady of good family, and married her. From this time dates his first purely literary effort—the *Yellow Plush Papers*, afterwards published as *Jeames's Diary*—in which his characteristic tendency is clearly indicated. The stepfather's *Constitutional* absorbed most of his property, of course, and failed. The son was obliged to return to England, and to begin work in earnest for himself. He wrote for *Fraser's Magazine*, and literary reviews for *The Times*, in which he ridiculed the early Bulwer style of romance—the interesting burglars and romantic murderers. But the public, resolved upon enjoying the fascination of crime sentimentally described, received his strictures coldly. The struggling author turned to the humorous, sketchy style, to win an ear and gain a penny. Literary friends, more fairly favoured than he, opened their purses to him; but his wife became insane, and is, at this day, the inmate of an asylum. He worked industriously with his pen—he wrote the *Great Hogarty Diamond*, *The Snob Papers*, the *Irish Sketch Book*, *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, *Our Street*, *Rebecca and Rowena*, *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, and smaller papers, under the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh; and *Chambers's Cyclopædia* commended him, before he was so universally known, as "a quiet observer." In all these sketches his characteristic power shows itself. The two last were written after the great fame and success of *Vanity Fair*, but they are only studies for his large pictures—and it may be noted as proof of his genuine genius, that the completed figures are infinitely superior to the designs, and it is in completing the picture from the speech, so that it shall gain in meaning as well as in elaboration and size, that the true artist is shown. Mr. Thackeray offered the MS. of *Vanity Fair* to a magazine. The editor declined it. The author published it, and made his name immortal. It was followed by *Pendennis*, a mellow, riper fruit, to our fancy, but we have no thought of entering upon a criticism of the author.—*New York Tribune*.

DEATHS.

COWPER.—On the 17th October, Professor Cowper. He was for a long time connected with Mr. Applegath in the construction of machines for calico and chintz printing, and in designing and making *The Times* printing-machine. In these he introduced several improvements, making the self-acting inking-tables to the diagonal action of the rollers, the carrying tapes on the cylinders, &c. He had the management of Messrs. Day and Martin's large blacking manufactory, and was Professor of Manufacturing Art and Mechanics at King's College.

GIBSON.—Recently, from the effects of an accident, Mr. John Gibson, a portrait-painter, well-known at Glasgow. He had been superintending the hanging of the pictures in the West of Scotland Academy's Exhibition.

GRIFFITH.—On the 14th October, at Lyons, W. Vicens Griffith, Esq., Assistant-Secretary of the Royal Dublin Society.

MACFARLANE.—Recently, at Huntingdon (U.S.), Mr. Macfarlane, a man of letters, and Associate Judge of Huntingdon county. He was editor of *The Harrisburg Keystone*.

MANGIN.—Recently, in Ireland, the Rev. Edward Mangin, Prebendary of Rath, in the diocese of Kilmacoe. Mr. Mangin was the editor of the impression of Richardson's *novelist's Works*, published in nineteen volumes in the year 1811, and the author of a little volume, published in 1833, called "Piozziana; or, Recollections of Mrs. Piozzi."

MARSHALL.—On the 10th October, in his 25th year, Nisbet Willoughby Marshall, only son of the late John Marshall, Esq., Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and author of "Marshall's Royal Naval Biography."

MORGENSTERN.—Lately, in Russia, Dr. von Morgenstern, Senior Professor of the University of Dorpat. He occupied the Greek and Latin chair, and was noted, in addition to eminent learning, as the author of several works of merit, and especially of some valuable researches respecting the philosophy of ancient Greece and Rome.

RICHARD.—Recently, in Paris, Dr. Achille Richard, Professor of Medical Natural History in the Faculty of Medicine.

SARRAZIN.—On the 26th September, at Vendome, aged 67, the Count Adrian de Sarrazin, author of "Le Caravan-serail," a collection of tales that have achieved a lasting reputation. He was private secretary to the Minister Decazes, when the latter was in office.

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